





HYMNS, Anthems, & Psalms,

COMPILED BY THE
REV. WALTER BURGH, A.M.

With reference to the most approved Music;

Especially that of the

MELODIA SACRA.

~~~~~  
“And when they had sung an hymn, they went out  
“into the mount of Olives.”—*Matt.* xxvi. 30.

“Teaching and admonishing one another in psalms,  
“and hymns, and spiritual songs.”—*Col.* iii. 16.

“They were wont to meet together, and sing among  
“themselves a hymn to Christ, as God.”—*Pliny's Letter*  
*to the Emperor Trajan, A.D.* 107.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE EDITOR, having lately assisted in publishing a Selection from the 150 Metrical PSALMS, used in the Church of England, with reference, in each, to the beautiful Music of the MELODIA SACRA; has continued the plan, by compiling, as a second Volume to the former, a collection of HYMNS AND ANTHEMS, from the many thousand compositions of the kind extant in Poetry and Music. His first care having been to consult the religious feeling of the Public, (as far as it has been expressed,) by extracting largely from collections used in Churches or Chapels of the Establishment, this work will be found to include not only the most popular Hymns, and Psalms of *other* versions; but also the Anthems capable of performance in ordinary Churches and in Families.

Pious and judicious persons have sometimes regretted, perhaps with reason, that,

among the numerous publications of this kind, none are to be found of moderate size, sufficiently comprehensive to contain the best sacred lyrics, and compiled at the same time in a sufficiently Catholic spirit ;— such as might prove suitable, for the purposes of public, domestic, or private worship, to the Christian whose habits of contemplation have been formed after those models of reverend simplicity, scriptural orthodoxy, and humble piety, which are found in the prayers and services of the Church of England. It would appear that adequate pains have not yet been employed to render more worthy of its divine object this delightful part of worship, recommended by the practice of our Lord, and by the precept of His Apostles.

As to the Hymns here selected, the Editor trusts they will be found suited to most states of mind, and to the various conditions of human life. Dreading no accusation equally with that of appearing ‘ashamed of his Saviour before men,’ he has not shrunk from setting forth the deepest truths of the

Gospel as the only source of hope and peace and consolation ; thus rendering, as is infinitely due, glory to the God of Grace and Mercy :—yet, has he not hesitated, with the example of inspired writers before him, to retain many sublime or affecting compositions in which the Almighty is adored as the God of Nature and of Providence.

As to the compositions themselves, he hopes little will be found in them repugnant to the dignity of the Gospel, or unbecoming the creature and the sinner in his addresses to the Majesty of Heaven.

Familiarity of diction, and loose incautious *rhyming*, have been, for these reasons, avoided ; and the admonition of Scripture ever kept in view ;—“ God is in Heaven, and thou upon Earth : ”—“ Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.”*

Had this book been prepared solely, or even mainly, with a view to *public* worship, it should have been smaller : but, as the Publisher could not, in reason, expect the sanction of general authority for a work of

* Eccles. v. 2. Psalm ii. 11.

the kind, the result of individual judgment he has attempted to render the Collection as extensively useful as possible, by admitting on the one hand, some compositions more suited to the exercise of religion in the heart, than to the purpose of sacred song ; and, on the other hand, has not excluded a few others, long popular among Christians in their adaptation to impressive Music, when it has appeared to him that the doctrine and sentiment were unexceptionable ; or *by easy correction* could be rendered so.

For the liberty he has occasionally taken, in this last respect, with some interesting hymns, rather than permit his collection to suffer by the omission of them, he trusts *living Authors* will extend to him that indulgence which he observes has been always allowed to other Compilers :—a consideration paid to religious sensibility ;—to tenderness of feeling in ‘ the things of God.’

☞ The *Numbers* of the Pages and Hymns will be found (after Page 5) to coincide.

Celbridge, June, 1826.

TABLE OF MUSIC

Appropriate to Hymns and Anthems in this Volume, for which none had been recommended before they went to Press: Chosen principally from the Publications of Mr. George Allen of Dublin: viz. the Melodia Sacra: the "Collections of Magdalen Asylum and Bethesda Chapels:" the "Selection of 50 Psalms, made by the Association for Discountenancing Vice:" and others.

No.	Music.	No.	Music.
I.	as in 4th No. Mel. Sac.	XXVI.	as in 4th No. M. S.
II.	4th No. M. S.	XXVII.	4th No. M. S.
III.	4th No. M. S.	XXVIII.	Bethesda Colln.
IV.	4th No. M. S.	XXIX.	4th No. small M. S.
V.	Magdalen Colln.	XXXI.	as Ps. 104 M. S.
VI.	5th No. M. S.	XXXIII.	Ps. 101 M. S.
VII.	5th No. M. S.	XXXIV.	Ps. 99 M. S.
IX.	4th No. M. S.	XXXVI.	as in 4th No. M. S.
X.	Magdalen Colln.	XXXVII.	as Ps. 60 M. S.
XI.	as Ps. 15 Seln. of 50.	XXXVIII.	as Hymn 284.
XII.	Ps. 3. M. S.	XXXIX.	Ps. 103 M. S.
XIII.	as in 4th No. small M. S.	XLI.	Ps. 50 M. S.
XIV.	Magdalen Colln.	XLII.	Ps. 59 M. S.
XV.	Ps. 15. M. S.	XLIII.	Ps. 47 M. S.
XVI.	Ps. 113. M. S.	XLIV.	Ps. 89 M. S.
XVII.	as in Appx. of M. S.	XLV.	Ps. 37 M. S.
XIX.	4th No. M. S.	XLVII.	Ps. 26 M. S.
XX.	4th No. M. S.	XLVIII.	Ps. 2 M. S.
XXI.	4th No. M. S.	XLIX.	Ps. 44 M. S.
XXII.	Bethesda Colln.	L.	Ps. 38 M. S.
XXIII.	4th No. M. S.	LI.	Ps. 142 M. S.
XXIV.	4th No. M. S.	LII.	Ps. 43 M. S.

TABLE OF MUSIC.

No.	Music.	No.	Music.
LIII.	as Ps. 40 Sel. of 50	CXLIX.	as Ps. 104 M. S.
LIV.	Ps. 65 Sel. of 50	CLIII.	Ps. 91 M. S.
LVII.	Ps. 1 M. S.	CLV.	Ps. 14 M. S.
LVIII.	Ps. 65 M. S.	CLVII.	Ps. 54 M. S.
LIX.	Fenwick (by the Martyrs of England.)	CLX.	Ps. 81 M. S.
LX.	Hurleck (Welsh Martial Air.)	CLXV.	4th Ps. Mag. Col.
LXI.	Ps. 97 M. S.	CLXVI.	Ps. 42 M. S.
LXII.	Ps. 146 M. S.	CLXVII.	Ps. 23 M. S.
LXIII.	Ps. 27 M. S.	CLXVIII.	Ps. 144 M. S.
LXIV.	Ps. 118 M. S.	CLXIX.	Ps. 139 M. S.
LXV.	as in 4th No. small M. S.	CLXX.	Ps. 133 M. S.
LXVI.	Ps. 98 M. S.	CLXXIII.	as Hymn 286.
LXVIII.	Ps. 75 M. S.	CLXXIV.	Ps. 81 M. S.
LXIX.	Ps. 34 M. S.	CLXXVI.	Ps. 8 M. S.
LXX.	Ps. 56 M. S.	CLXXXVIII.	Ps. 65 M. S.
LXXI.	Ps. 68 M. S.	CLXXXIV.	Ps. 138 Sel. of 50.
LXXII.	Ps. 34 M. S.	CXCV.	Ps. 117 M. S.
LXXVII.	as in 4th No. sm. M. S.	CCIV.	Ps. 15 M. S.
XCI & XCII.	Bethesda Colln.	CCVIII.	Ps. 119 M. S.
XCV.	Bethesda Colln.	CCIX.	Ps. 8 M. S.
CVIII.	Bethesda Colln.	CCX.	Ps. 119, 4th No. M. S.
CXIX.	5th No. M. S.	CCXXI.	Ps. 28 M. S.
CXXII.	Bethesda Colln.	CCXXXI.	Ps. 25 M. S.
CXXVIII.	4th No. small M. S.	CCXXXV.	Ps. 39 M. S.
CXXIX.	as Ps. 107 M. S.	CCXLIH.	Ps. 113 M. S.
CXXXI.	Ps. 19 M. S.	CCXLIV.	Ps. 21 M. S.
CXXXIII.	Ps. 100 M. S.	CCXLV.	Ps. 24 M. S.
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CXXXVII.	Ps. 112 M. S.	CCLVIII.	Ps. 5 M. S.
CXXXVIII.	Ps. 30 M. S.	CCLXXXVI.	as in Beth. Colln.
CXLII.	Ps. 89 M. S.	CCXC.	as Ps. 130 M. S.
CXLV.	Ps. 38 M. S.	CCXCII.	Ps. 2 or 24 M. S.
CXLVI.	Ps. 73 M. S.	CCXCVI.	as in 4th No. M. S.
CXLVII.	Ps. 139 (Adagio) M. S.	CCCIV.	Ps. 65 Sel. of 50.
		CCCVII.	as Ps. 35 M. S.
		CCCXI.	Ps. 137 M. S.

SELECT
ANTHEMS,
HYMNS,
AND
PSALMS.

Hymns, &c.

I.

CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

Words from St. Luke, Chap. ii. Ver. 8 to 14.

Music by Mr. J. Key.

Treble Solo.

THERE were shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flocks by night.

Chorus.

And lo ! the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid.

Solo and Chorus.

And the Angel said unto them, fear not ; for behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people : for unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Solo.

And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

Chorus.

Glad tidings, Hallelujah! a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Duet.—Tenor and Bass.

And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying:

Chorus.

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.
Hallelujah.

II.

ANTHEM.

*The Collect for the Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
(By Rev. Mr. Mason.)*

LORD of all power and might, Thou that art the author, Thou that art the giver of all good things; graft in our hearts the love of thy name, increase in us true religion; Lord of all power and might, nourish us in all goodness, and of thy great mercy keep us in the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

III.

HOSANNA.

A CELEBRATED CHORUS ANTHEM.

*Music by the late Rev. C. Gregor, a Bishop in the Church of Unitas Fratrum, in Germany.**Chorus of Children.*

HOSANNA, blessed is he that comes in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

Double Chorus, "Hosanna," &c. &c.

IV.

FIFTY-FIFTH PSALM.

Verses 1, 2, 4, 6.

*An admired Anthem, (by Kent.)**Duet for two Trebles.*

HEAR my prayer, O God: and hide not thyself from my petition.

Solo.

Take heed unto me, and hear me: how I mourn in my prayer and am vexed.

Recitative

My heart is disquieted within me: and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

Duet and Chorus.

Then I said, O that I had wings like a dove: then would I flee away, and be at rest!

A 3

V.

SING UNTO THE LORD.*An admired and ancient Anthem.*

From the 96th Psalm, Verses 2, 3, 4.

Soft Chorus.

SING unto the Lord and praise his name :
 be telling of his salvation from day to day.

Trio.—Two Trebles and a Bass.

Declare his honour unto the heathen, and
 his wonders unto the people.

Trio.—Treble, Tenor, and Bass.

For the Lord is great, he cannot worthily be
 praised : he is more to be feared than all Gods.

Chorus.

Sing unto the Lord, &c.

Hallelujah, Amen.

VI.

MY GOD : LOOK UPON ME.*Verse and Chorus Anthem for Passion-Week.**(By Mr. Reynolds.)*

Words from 22d Psalm, Verses 1, 2, 3.

Soft Chorus.

MY GOD, my God, look upon me. Why
 hast thou forsaken me : and art so far from
 the words of my complaint ?

Two Trebles.

O my God, I cry in the day-time, but thou hearest not : and in the night season also I take no rest !

Full Chorus.

But thou continuest holy ; O thou worship of Israel !

VII.

**I HAVE SET GOD ALWAYS
BEFORE ME.**

Verse Anthem, (by the late Rev. Dr. Blake.)

Words from the 16th Psalm, Verses 9, 10, 11, 12.

Quartetto.

I HAVE set God always before me : for he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall.

Trio.—Two Trebles and Bass.

Wherefore my heart was glad and my glory rejoiced : My flesh also shall rest in hope.

Trio.—Tenor, Contra Tenor, and Bass.

For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell :—neither shalt thou suffer thy holy one to see corruption.

Duet and Chorus.

Thou shalt shew me the path of life : in thy presence is fulness of joy : at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore !

VIII.

MARTIN LUTHER'S HYMN.*Solo.*

1. GREAT God ;—What do I see and hear ;
The end of things created !
The Judge of mankind does appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds ; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before :
Prepare my soul to meet Him !

Chorus.

Great God, what do I see and hear ; &c.

2. Lord Jesus ! on that dreadful day
We plead thy boundless merit ;
Be thou the fallen sinner's stay,
And grant thy Holy Spirit :
Give us that day, that awful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,
Thy kingdom to inherit.

Chorus.

Lord Jesus ; on that dreadful day, &c.

IX.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Music selected from the Sicilian Evening Service.

Four lines, 7s. and 8s.

1. COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free :
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
2. Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth thou art ;
Dear desire of every nation ;
Joy of every longing heart.
3. Born thy people to deliver ;
Born a child, and yet a king ;
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
4. By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone :
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne !

X.

ANOTHER.

Music by the late Mr. Rogers.

1. **CHRISTIANS** awake—salute the happy
morn
When Christ, the Saviour of the world,
was born ;
Rise to adore this mystery of love,
Which hosts of Angels chaunted from above.
“Glory to God,” the holy Angels cry,
“Goodwill to men,” let every heart reply.
2. Let hatred, strife, or wrath be heard no
more,
But peace and love be spread from shore
to shore :
Christ comes with peace and pardon from
above
And saves his people by redeeming love.
Glory to God, &c.
3. Let every tongue this wondrous love
proclaim,
Let us devoutly hail our Saviour's name :
Through all the world the joyful tidings run
Of God incarnate and the Virgin's Son.
Glory to God, &c.

4. To Father, Son, and Spirit, ever bless'd,
Let us all join in songs of holy praise ;
From grateful hearts be our best thanks
address'd,
And in loud chorus let our voices raise.
Glory to God, &c.
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XI.

ON THE VALUE OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

1. HOW precious is the Book divine
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine
To guide our souls to heaven.
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.
3. This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way ;
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

XII.

HYMN ON PARDON.*(By Addison.)*

1. WHEN rising from the bed of death
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O how shall I appear ?
2. If yet (while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,)
My heart with inward horror shrinks
And trembles at the thought ;
3. When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In Majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O, how shall I appear ?
4. But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears,
Shall endless woe prevent :
5. Then see the sorrows of my heart,
E'er yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight :

6. For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to procure,
 Who knows thy only Son has died
 To make her pardon sure !

XIII.

COME LET US JOIN.

An Anthem, by Rev. Mr. Madan. Words by Dr. Watts.

1. COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
 With angels round the throne ;
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
 But all their joys are one.
2. " Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 " To be exalted thus :"
 " Worthy the Lamb," our hearts reply,
 " For he was slain for us."
3. Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine ;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever thine !
4. Let all creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of Him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

XIV.

HYMN ON MERCY.*(Music by Handel.)*

1. O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!
2. Did ever thy propitious ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive misery sigh,
Or supplicate in vain?
3. New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive ;
Thy gentlest, best loved attribute
To pity and forgive.
4. Our hearts adore thy mercy, Lord,
And bless the friendly ray,
Which ushers in the smiling morn
Of everlasting day.

XV.

FAR FROM THE WORLD.*(Words by Cowper.)*

1. FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.
2. The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
3. There if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
4. Author and Guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine,
And,—all harmonious names in one,—
My Saviour, thou art mine !
5. What thanks I owe thee and what love,
A boundless, endless store,—
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

XVI.

**HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH
PSALM.**

Words by Dr. Watts. Music, Old 113th Psalm.

1. I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past:
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
2. Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And Earth, and Seas, and all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none e'er found his promise vain.
3. The Lord gives eye-sight to the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
He gives the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner release,
4. I'll praise my Maker, &c.

XVII.

HUNDRED AND THIRD PSALM.

*A celebrated Anthem, from the Collection of
Magdalen Asylum.*

Chorus.

ARISE my heart, my soul arise,
Jehovah praise; sing till the skies
Re-echo his ascending fame;
My soul, O celebrate his name!

Trio.—Plaintive.

He, as a father to his child,
So soft, so quickly reconciled;
He knows the fabric of us all,
That dust is our original.
Man flourisheth like grass or flower
That blows and withers in an hour;
By scorching heat, by blasting wind
Destroy'd, and leaves no print behind.

Chorus.

Ye angels who in strength exceed,
Who him obey with winged speed;
Ye order'd hosts of radiant stars
O, you his flaming ministers;

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All whom his wisdom did create ;
Through his wide empire celebrate
His glorious name with sweet accord :
Join thou my soul and praise the Lord !

XVIII.

SEVENTY-SECOND PSALM.

Words by Dr. Watts. Music by R. Taylor.

1. JESUS shall reign, where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
3. Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- [4. Where he displays his healing power
Death and the curse are known no more ;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

5. The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.]
6. Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to their King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

XIX.

AWAKE OUR SOULS.

Music, Eaton, (by Wyvill.) Words by Dr. Watts.

1. AWAKE our souls, away our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone :
Awake and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on !

Chorus after each verse,—“ Awake and run,” &c.

2. True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
But they forget the mighty God
Who feeds the strength of every saint.
3. Thee, mighty God, whose matchless
power
Is ever new and ever young ;
And

And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run !

4. From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
 5. Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
O may we mount to thine abode ;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road !
-

XX.

HUNDRED AND SEVENTEENTH PSALM.

*Imitated by Rev. Dr. Watts. Music, Denbigh.—D.L.M
by Rev. M. Madan.*

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,
'Till suns shall rise and set no more.

XXI.

EASTER HYMN.*A celebrated Air, (by Pleyel.)*

1. "CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,"
Sons of men and Angels say :—
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing ye Heavens, and Earth reply.
2. Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the battle won ;
Lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo, He sets in blood no more !
3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell !
Death in vain forbids his rise :
Christ hath open'd paradise !
4. Lives again our glorious King ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Once he died our souls to save ;
Where's thy victory, O grave ?

XXII.

ERE I SLEEP.*An admired Evening Hymn.*

1. ERE I sleep, for every favour
This day shew'd
By my God,
I will bless my Saviour.
2. O my Lord, what shall I render
To thy name,
Still the same,
Gracious, good, and tender!
3. Visit me with thy salvation
Let thy care
Still be near,
Round my habitation.
4. Thou my rock, my guard, my tower,
Safely keep
(While I sleep)
Me with all thy power.
5. And whene'er in death I slumber,
May I rise
With the wise,
Counted in their number.

XXIII.

HYMN FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

Words by Dr. Watts. Music by Mr. Bradbury.

Semi-Chorus.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory died ;
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ my God ;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood.*

Trio—very slow.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down ;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

Full Chorus.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small ;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all !

* Galatians vi. 14.

XXIV.

EASTER ODE.

Words by the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley.

Music, Woolwich, (by Milgrove.)

Chorus.

FROM heaven the loud, th' angelic song
began ;
It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd
man :
By man re-echoed, it shall mount again ;

Quartetto.

While fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.

Chorus.

“ Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway,
O'er earth, o'er heaven the Lord of all ;
Ye princes, rulers, powers obey,
And low before his footstool fall !”

Quartetto and Chorus.

The deed was done ; the Lamb was slain ;
The groaning earth the burthen bore :
He rose, he lives ; he lives to reign !
No time shall shake his endless power.
Riches, and all that deck the great,
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring ;
The tribute pour before his seat,
And hail the triumph of your King !

Higher, still higher swell the strain ;
Creation's voice the note prolong :—

“ The Lamb shall ever, ever reign,
Let Hallelujahs crown the song.”

Hallelujah, Amen.

XXV.

GOD OF MY STRENGTH.

Music, an admired French Melody.

From the Collection of Magdalen Asylum.

1. GOD of my strength ! to thee I cry ;
To thee, my surest refuge, fly :
O may thy light attend my way ;
Thy truth afford its cheering ray !
2. Thy mercies, to my heart revealed,
A theme of endless transport yield :
Thy love does all my bosom fire ;
Thy praise does all my song inspire.
3. In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose :
To God our thanks should still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

XXVI.

**PRAISE THE LORD WHO
REIGNS ABOVE.**

*An admired Versification of the 150th Psalm.
Music, Christ Church.*

Chorus.

PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below ;
Praise our holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew.
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power ;
Him from whom all good proceeds
Let earth and heaven adore.

Trio—Two Trebles and a Bass.

Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name ;
Let the trumpet's martial sound
Him Lord of Hosts proclaim !
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art :
All the powers of music bring,
The music of the heart !
Him, in whom they move and live,
Let every creature sing ;

Glory to their Maker give,
 And homage to their King.
 Hallowed be his name beneath,
 As in heaven, on earth adored :
 Praise the Lord in every breath ;
 Let all things praise the Lord !

XXVII.
**COME YE THAT LOVE THE
 LORD.**

*Words by Rev. Dr. Watts. Music, Sovereign, (by
 Isaac Smith.)*

1. COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known :
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround His throne.
Praise ye the Lord, Hallelujah.
2. The God who rules on high,
 Who all the earth surveys,
 Who rides upon the stormy sky
 And calms the roaring seas.
3. This awful God is ours,
 The God of truth and love ;
 He will send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.

4. There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
-

XXVIII.

SUNDAY HYMN.

Being an Imitation of the 118th Psalm, (by Dr. Watts.)

1. **THIS** is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own ;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
2. To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
3. Bless'd be the Lord who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God the Father's name
To save a sinful race.
4. Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise :
The highest heaven in which he reigns
Shall give him nobler praise.

XXIX.

FOR CHRISTMAS.

Music, (Uriel) by R. Taylor.

1. HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng ;
For angels no such love have known,
To wake a cheerful song.
2. Good-will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.
3. Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert join,
Now such a child is born.
4. Glory to God in highest strains
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
5. When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns ;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

XXX.

ON RETURN TO GOD.

- 1, WEARY of wandering from my God
And now made willing to return,
I hear, and bow me to the rod ;
For thee, not without hope, I mourn !
I have an Advocate above,
A Friend before the throne of love.
2. Thou knowest the way to bring me back,—
My fallen spirit to restore :
O ! for thy truth and mercy's sake ;
Forgive, and bid me sin no more.
The ruins of my soul repair,
And make my heart a house of prayer.
3. Ah ! give me, Lord, the tender heart
That trembles at the approach of sin :
A godly fear of sin impart ;
Implant and rest it deep within ;
That I may own thy gracious power,
And never dare offend thee more.

XXXI.

GOD OF MY LIFE.

Psalm 102 (By Cowper.)

1. GOD of my life, to thee I call,
 Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
 When the great water-floods prevail,
 Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
2. Friend of the friendless and the faint,
 Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
 Where but with thee, whose open door
 Invites the friendless and the poor.
3. Did ever mourner plead with thee,
 And thou refuse that mourner's plea ;
 Does not thy promise fix'd remain
 That none shall seek thy face in vain
4. Though poor, unknown, despised, forgot,
 Yet Christ my God forgets me not ;
 And he is safe, and must succeed
 For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

XXXII.

FATHER, HOW WIDE.

*An Anthem, (Cambridge,) by Giordani.
Words by Dr. Watts.*

1. FATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,
By thousand through the skies.
2. Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill:
While on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.
3. But when we view thy great design
To save rebellious worms,
Where justice and compassion shine
In their divinest forms:
4. Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor can thy creatures guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
Thy justice or thy grace.

5. Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs chaunt Immanuel's name,
and raise their highest strains.
6. O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy attune my heart,
And love command my tongue !

XXXIII.

HYMN TO OUR SAVIOUR.

Music, (Frankford) by Dr. Crofts.

1. MY SAVIOUR, thou thy love to me
In shame, in want, in pain, hast shew'd ;
For me, on the accursed tree,
Thou pouredst forth thy guiltless blood !
Thine image on my heart impress,
Renew me hourly by thy grace.
2. In suffering be thy love my peace,
In weakness be thy love my power ;
And, when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesu, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died !

XXXIV.

HYMN ON SALVATION.

Words (corrected) from Dr. Watts.

Music, by Rev. M. Madan.

1. SALVATION, O the joyful sound,
What transport to our ears :
It proves a balm to every wound
It soothes and calms our fears.
2. Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
3. Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs !
The thoughts of Thee should fill our hearts
And still inspire our tongues.
4. Salvation ! may my soul retain
Thy love-inspiring power ;
From every ill my life restrain
And cheer my dying hour.

Chorus.

*Glory, honour, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb for ever :
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer :
Hallelujah ! praise the Lord.*

XXXV.

ROCK OF AGES.

Words by Rev. Mr. Toplady, Music by Rev. R. Cecil.

1. **ROCK** of ages rent for me,
Let me hide myself in thee :
Let the water and the blood
From thy riven side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.
2. Not the labour of my hands
Could fulfil thy just demands ;
Could my seal no respite know.
Could my tears for ever flow :
All for sin could not atone :—
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. While I draw this fleeting breath ;
When my eyes shall close in death ;
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on thy judgment throne ;
Rock of Ages rent for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee !

XXXVI.

HYMN ON GRACE.

*Words (corrected) from the Rev. Dr. Doddridge.
Music by Dr. Clarke of Cambridge.*

GRACE : hail celestial sound,
 Harmonious to the ear !
Heaven to the echo does resound,
 And all the earth should hear.

Grace turn'd my wandering feet
 To tread the heaven-ward road ;
And new supplies each hour I meet
 While passing on to God.

Grace taught my soul to pray,
 And made my eyes o'erflow ;
'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
 And will not let me go.

Lord, let Thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
May all my powers to Thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine !

XXXVII.

THIRTEENTH PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts.)*

1. HOW long, O Lord, shall I complain
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Wilt thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray, and be denied?
2. Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?
3. How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd;
And Satan, my unwearied foe,
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?
4. Hear, Lord; and grant me quick relief,
Before my death conclude my grief:
If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
I sleep in everlasting night.
5. How would the powers of darkness boast,
If but one praying soul were lost!
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

D

Whate'er

6. Whate'er my fears or doubts suggest,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
My heart shall own thy love and raise
My cheerful voice in songs of praise.
-

XXXVIII.

SEVENTEENTH PSALM.

(Paraphrased by Dr. Watts.)

1. LORD, I am thine: but Thou will prove
My faith, my constancy and love:
What sinners value I resign,
But 'tis enough if Thou art mine.
2. This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which we go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?
3. O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And Earth and Sin no more controul
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
4. My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's welcome sound;
Then burst its chain with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

XXXIX.

EIGHTEENTH PSALM.

Verses 1, 6, 15, 18.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. THEE will I love, O Lord my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence !
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust ;
For I have found salvation thence.
2. Death, and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade ;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.
3. I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there ;
Which none but they who feel can tell,
And I was hurried to despair.
4. In my distress I call'd " my God !"
When I could scarce believe him mine :
He bow'd his ear to my lament,
Then did his grace appear divine.

4. Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sin restrain:
Accept these poor attempts at praise:
May I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.
-

19th Psalm, "The Spacious firmament, &c. (see Index.)

23d Psalm, "The Lord my pasture," &c. (see Index.)

XLII.

TWENTY-SECOND PSALM:

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. ' WHY will my Father hide his face,
' When foes stand threat'ning round,
' In this dark hour of deep distress;
' And not an helper found?
2. ' My God, if possible it be,
' Withdraw this bitter cup:
' Yet I resign my will to thee,
' And drink its sorrows up.
3. ' For thou art he who form'd this frame
' With thine Almighty word,
' And since I knew a Father's name,
' My hope is in the Lord.'

4. Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
With mighty cries and tears :
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And death relieved his fears.
5. The humble spirit yet shall see
The joys for which He bled ;
And all who seek the Lord shall be
With fruits immortal fed.

XLIII,

TWENTY-NINTH PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power :
Ascribe due honors to his name,
And his eternal might adore.
2. The Lord proclaims his power aloud
Over the ocean and the land ;
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at his command.
3. He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind
Lay the wide forest bare around ;
The fearful hart, and frightened hind,
Leap at the terror of the sound.

To

4. To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo ! the stately cedars break :
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.
 5. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever king :
But makes his church his bless'd abode,
Where we his awful glories sing.
 6. In gentle language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts :
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.
-

XLIV.

THIRTIETH PSALM.

Verse 6, &c. (By Dr. Watts.)

1. FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night ;
Fondly I said within my heart,
' Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.'
2. But I forgot Thine arm was strong
Which made my mountain stand so long :
Soon as Thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts died.

3. I cried aloud to Thee, ' my God,
 ' What canst thou profit by my blood ?
 ' Deep in the dust can I declare
 ' Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there ?'
4. Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,
 Thy pardoning love removed my guilt :
 Thy praise shall sound through earth and
 heaven
 For mercies sent, and sins forgiven.

XLV.

THIRTY-THIRD PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. YE holy souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's praise becomes your voice ;
 Great is the theme, your songs be new :—
 Declare his name, his word, his ways ;
 His works of nature, and of grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true !
2. He gathers the wide flowing seas :
 The watery treasures know their place
 In the vast storehouse of the deep :—

He spake, and gave all nature birth ;
And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth
His everlasting orders keep.

CHORUS.

Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves :
Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless power !

XLVI.

THIRTY-SIXTH PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. WHEN man grows bold in sin,
My heart within me cries,
“ He hath no faith of God within,
“ Nor fear before his eyes.”
2. He walks a while conceal'd
In a self-flattering dream ;
Till his dark deeds, at length reveal'd,
Expose his hateful name.
3. But there's a dreadful God,
Though men renounce his fear :
His justice, hid behind the cloud,
Shall one great day appear.

4. His truth transcends the sky ;
In heaven his mercies dwell ;
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
His anger burns to hell.
 5. How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs !
O, never let my soul remove
From underneath His wings !
-

XLVII.

THIRTY-SEVENTH PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts.)*

1. WHY do the wealthy wicked boast
And grow profanely bold ?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.
2. His alms with liberal heart he gives
Among the sons of need :
His memory to long ages lives,
And blessed is his seed.
3. His lips abhor to talk profane ;
To slander or defraud :
His ready tongue declares to men
What he has learn'd of God.

The

4. The law and gospel of the Lord
Deep in his heart abide ;
Led by His Spirit and His Word
His feet shall never slide.
5. Rest in the Lord and keep his way ;
Nor let your anger rise,
Though Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.
6. When sinners fall, the righteous stand
Preserv'd from every snare :
They shall possess the promised land
And dwell for ever there.

XLVIII,

SECOND PART.

1. MY God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will :
Though they may fall, they rise again ;
Thy hand supports them still.
2. The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves :
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.

3. The haughty sinner have I seen,
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his arms abroad :
 4. And lo, he vanish'd from the ground
Destroyed by hands unseen :
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.
 5. But mark the man of righteousness,
His several steps attend :
True pleasure runs through all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.
-

XLIX.

THIRTY-EIGHTH PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts,)*

1. MY sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone :
Too heavy they for me to bear ;
Too hard for me to atone.
 2. My thoughts are like a troubled sea ;
My head still bending down :
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.
- Lord,

3. Lord, I am weak and broken sore,
None of my powers are whole :
My inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul !
 4. All my desire to thee is known ;
Thine eye counts every tear :
And every sigh, and every groan
Is noticed by thine ear.
 5. My God, forgive my follies past,
And be still, ever, nigh :
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before thy servant die !
-

L.

THIRTY-NINTH PSALM.

Verse 4, &c. (By Dr. Watts.)

1. TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame :
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.
2. A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time :
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flower and prime.

3. See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain :
They rage and strive, desire and love ;
But all their noise is vain.
4. Some walk in honor's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore :
They toil for heirs, they know not who ;
But straight are seen no more.
5. What should I wish or wait for then,
From creatures, earth, and dust ?
Which make our expectations vain
And disappoint our trust.
6. Lord I forbid each worldly hope,
Each fond desire recal ;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my All !

 LI.
FORTIETH PSALM.

Verse 6, &c. (*Paraphrased by Dr. Watts.*)

1. NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could

Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away its stain.

2. But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3. My soul looks back to see
The burthen thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree ;
And hopes her guilt was there !

4. Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove :
We bless the Lord with grateful voice,
We sing his dying love.

LII.

FORTY-SECOND. PSALM.

Verse 6, &c. (*By Dr. Watts.*)

1. MY spirit sinks within me, Lord !
But I will call Thy name to mind,
And times of past distress record,
When I have found my God was kind.

2. I'll cast myself before thy feet,
And cry, ' My God, my heavenly Rock ;
' Say, can Thy love so long forget
' A soul that groans beneath thy stroke' ?
 3. Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall my best thoughtsemploy,
And lead me to thine heavenly hill ;
My God, my most exceeding joy !
-

LIII.

FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts.)*

1. GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade :
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present to our aid !
2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep and buried there :—
Convulsions shake the solid world ;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.
3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In holy peace our souls abide,
While

While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
Refreshing that divine abode.
 5. That sacred stream, Thy holy word,
Doth all our raging fear controul :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And still support the sinking soul.
 6. Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.
-

LIV.

FIFTY-FIRST PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. SHEW pity, Lord ; O Lord forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live :

Are not thy mercies large and free ;
May not a sinner trust in thee !

2. My crimes are great, but not surpass
The power and compass of thy grace :
Great God : thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found !
3. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace :
And, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.
4. Yet save a trembling creature ; Lord ;
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there
To screen and shield him from despair !

LV.

SECOND PART.

1. LORD, I am vile, conceived in sin,
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up for death :
Thy law demands a perfect heart ;
But we're defiled in every part.
 3. Great God, create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true :
O make me wise betimes, to spy
My danger and my remedy !
 4. Behold, I fall before thy face ;
My only refuge is thy grace :
Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
Hath power sufficient to atone !
-

LVI.

THIRD PART.

1. O THOU who hear'st when sinners cry ;
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book !
2. Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord
His help and comfort still afford :

And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of Thy Son.

3. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy fearful sentence just :
Yet view me, Lord, with pitying eye,
And save a soul condemn'd to die.
 4. Then shall thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song ;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness!
-

LVII.

FIFTY-SIXTH PSALM.

Verse 9, &c. (By Dr. Watts.)

1. WHEN to thy throne I raise my cry,
The wicked fear and flee :
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
So near is God to me !
2. In Thee most holy, just, and true,
I have reposed my trust !

Nor

Nor will I fear what man can do,
The offspring of the dust.

3. Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise :
I'll think, how faithful is thy word,
How righteous are thy ways !
 4. Thou hast secured my soul from death ;
O set Thy prisoner free ;
That heart and hand and life and breath
May be employ'd for Thee.
-

LVIII.

SIXTY-THIRD PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. GREAT God, indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise ;
Thou art my Father and my God :
And I am thine by sacred ties ;
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3. With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look ;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
 4. This life itself without thy love
No sense of pleasure could afford :
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from my Lord.
 5. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise :
This task shall make my heart rejoice,
And cheer the remnant of my days.
-

LIX.

SECOND PART.

1. 'TWAS in the watches of the night-
I thought upon Thy power :
I kept my gracious God in sight
Amid the darkest hour.
 2. Still as I lay upon my bed,
My soul arose on high ;
" My God, my life, my hope," I said,
" Bring thy salvation nigh."
- My

3. My spirit labours up the hill,
And climbs the heavenly road ;
But thy right hand upholds me still,
While I pursue my God !
 4. Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
The shelter of thy wings :
My heart rejoices in thine aid,
My tongue awakes and sings.
-

LX.

SIXTY-FIFTH PSALM.

Verse 5 to 9.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. **ON** Thee the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends ;
Where the Creator's power is known
By nature's feeble light alone.
2. The mariner upon the flood
Pours forth his frightened prayer to God,
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.
3. He bids the noisy tempests cease :
He calms the raging crowd to peace,

When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

4. Behold ! his ensigns sweep the sky :
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly !
The heathen lands, in mute surprize,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.
-

LXI.

SECOND PART.

Verse 9, &c.

1. AT God's command the morning ray
Smiles in the East and leads the day :
Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice.
2. The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the valleys yield ;
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,
And neighbouring hills repeat their joys.
3. Thy works pronounce thy power Divine ;
O'er every land thy glories shine :
Through every month thy gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.

LXII.

SEVENTY-FIRST PSALM.

Verses 17—21. (*By Dr. Watts.*)

1. GOD of my childhood and my youth,
Thou guide of all my days ;
I have declared thy love and truth
And told thy wondrous ways.
2. Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs
And leave my fainting heart ?
Who shall sustain my sinking years
If Thou, my strength, depart ?
3. The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove :
O may those poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love !
4. Oft have I heard thy threatnings roar
And oft endured grief :
But when thy hand did press me sore
Thy mercy gave relief.
5. By long experience I have known,
Thy sovereign power to save :
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave !

72nd Psalm, "Jesus shall reign, &c." (See Hymn 18th.)

LXIII.

SEVENTY-THIRD PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts.)*

1. NOW I'm convinced the Lord is kind
To men of heart sincere ;
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,
And border'd on despair.
2. I grieved to see the wicked thrive,
And spoke with angry breath,
' How happily do sinners live :
' How peaceful is their death !
3. ' In vain I lift my hands to pray,
' And cleanse my heart in vain :
' For I am chasten'd all the day,
' The night renews my pain.'
4. But while my tongue indulged complaints,
I felt my soul reprove ;
' Sure I shall thus offend Thy saints.
' And grieve the God I love.'
5. Yet, still I found these doubts too hard ;
The conflict too severe ;
Till I retired to search Thy word,
And learn'd Thy secrets there.

6. There, as in some prophetic glass,
I saw the sinners' feet
High mounted on a slippery place ;
But soon their doom they meet.
 7. I heard the wretch profanely boast,
Till at Thy frown he fell :
His honors in a dream were lost,
And he awoke in hell !
-

LXIV.

SECOND PART.

1. GOD, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near :
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair !
2. Thy counsel still shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
3. What if the springs of life were broke,
And heart and flesh should faint ;
God is my soul's eternal rock,
The strength of every saint.

LXV.

EIGHTY-FOURTH PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts.)*

1. LORD of the worlds above ;
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are !
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires for Thee my God.
2. O happy those who pray
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they
Who love the way to Sion's hill.
3. These go from strength to strength
Through this dark vale of tears :
Till each arrive at length ;
Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat, when God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

4. God is a sun and shield,
A light and a defence :
With gifts his hands are fill'd ;
We draw our blessings thence :
He shall bestow on Jacob's race
Peculiar grace, and glory too.
-

LXVI.

NINETIETH PSALM.*(By Dr. Watts.)*

1. O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :
2. Under the shadow of thy wings,
Still may we dwell secure :
Sufficient is Thine arm alone ;
And our defence is sure !
3. Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame ;
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- [4. Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :

They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

5. Like flowery fields the nations stand
Pleased with the morning light :
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere t'is night !]
 6. O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come :
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home !
-

LXVII.

NINETY-FIRST PSALM.

(Same Music as 18th Hymn.)

By Dr. Watts.

1. HE that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode ;
Shall walk all day beneath the shade,
And there at night repose his head.
 2. If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire ;
God is his life ; His wings are spread
To shield him with an healthful shade.
- If

3. If vapours with malignant breath,
Rise thick and scatter midnight death ;
Israel is safe : the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.
 4. The sword, the pestilence or fire,
Can but fulfil their chief desire ;
From sin and sorrow set them free
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee !
-

92nd Psalm, " Sweet is the work," &c. (See Index.)

100th Psalm, " Before Jehovah's awful," &c. (See Index.)

103rd Psalm, " Arise my heart," &c (See Hymn 17th.)

LXVIII.

HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my Almighty God :
He has my heart, and he my tongue
To spread his name abroad.
2. How great the works his hand has wrought,
How glorious in our sight !
And men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.

3. How most exact is nature's frame,
How wise th' eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
That his first thoughts design'd.
4. Nature and time, and earth, and skies
Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
5. To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race
Who best obeys Thy will.

LXIX.

**HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH
PSALM.**

ON RECOVERY FROM ILLNESS.

(*By Dr. Watts.*)

1. I LOVE the Lord ; He heard my cries
and pitied every groan :
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.
2. I love the Lord ; He bow'd his ear,
And chased my griefs away :
O let

O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray !

3. The Lord beheld me sore distress,
He bid my pains remove :
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest ;
For thou hast known His love. .
-

LXX.

SECOND PART.

Verse 12, &c.

1. WHAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shewn ?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.
2. Among the saints that fill thine house
My offerings shall be paid :
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
3. How happy all thy servants are ;
How great thy grace to me !
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now

4. Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor shall my purpose move:
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.
-

117th Psalm, "From all that dwell," &c. (See Hymn 20th.)

118th Psalm, "This is the day," &c. (See Hymn 28th.)

122nd Psalm, "How pleased, how bless'd," &c. (See Index.)

LXXI.

HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIRST PSALM.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies:
Thence all her help my soul derives;
There my Almighty Refuge lives.
2. He lives; the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood:
The heavens with all their hosts He made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
3. His morning smiles bless all the day;
He guides our feet, he guards our way:
He spreads the evening veil and keeps
The silent hours when Israel sleeps.

Israel

4. Israel, a name divinely bless'd,
May rise secure, securely rest :
Thy holy guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.
 5. On thee foul spirits have no power ;
And, in thy last departing hour,
Angels that trace the airy road,
Shall bear thee upward to thy God.
-

LXXII.

**HUNDRED & TWENTY-SIXTH
PSALM.**

THE JOY OF A REMARKABLE CONVERSION.

(By Dr. Watts.)

1. WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
The grace appear'd so great.
2. The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess :
My tongue broke out in unknown strains
And sang " Surprising grace !" Great

3. "Great is the work," my neighbours cried,
And own'd the power divine :
"Great is the work," my heart replied,
"And be the glory Thine."
4. The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
5. Let those who sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come :
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.

LXXIII.

HUNDRED AND SIXTEENTH PSALM.

Verse 12, &c. (*Imitated by Newton.*)
Music, Alexandria, as 125th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give !
2. Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?

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My

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My best is stain'd and dyed with sin ;
My all is nothing worth.

3. Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
For all He has bestow'd ;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.
4. The best returns for one like me
So wretched and so poor,
Is, from his gifts to draw a plea,
And ask him still for more.
5. I cannot serve Him as I ought ;
No works have I to boast :
Yet would I glory in the thought
That I should owe Him most.

LXXIV.

**HUNDRED AND THIRTY-NINTH
PSALM.**

Verse 14 to the end. (*By Dr. Watts.*)

Music, St. Catherine's, as 36th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. 'TWAS from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame :
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims Thy skill divine.

2. Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
Which yet in dark confusion lay :
Thou sawest the growth they daily took,
Form'd by the model of Thy book.
 3. By thee my growing parts were named ;
And, what thy sovereign counsel framed,
(The breathing lungs, the beating heart,)
Was copied with unerring art.
 4. At last, to shew my Maker's name,
God stamp'd his image on my frame ;
And in some unknown moment join'd
The finish'd members to the mind.
 5. Then the young seeds of thought began ;
The dawning powers of the man :—
Great God, our infant nature pays
Immortal tribute to Thy praise !
-

LXXV.

SECOND PART.

6. BUT, since in my advancing age
I've acted on life's busy stage,
My swiftest thoughts would fail to trace
The numerous wonders of Thy grace.

7. These on my heart are still impress'd,
With these I give mine eyes to rest ;
And at my waking hour I find
God and his love possess my mind.
8. O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest :
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ;—for God is there !

• 146th Psalm, " I'll praise my Maker," &c. (See Hymn 18th.)

LXXVI.

**HUNDRED AND FORTY-FIRST
PSALM.**

Verse 2 to 5. (*By Dr. Watts.*)

Music, (Frankfort,) as 101st Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. MY God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house :
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
2. Watch o'er my lips and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word :
Nor let my feet decline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.
3. O may the righteous, when I stray,
Rather reprove my wand'ring way !

Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4. When I behold them prest with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And by my warm petitions prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

LXXVII.

**HUNDRED & FORTY-SEVENTH
PSALM.**

Words by Dr. Watts. Music, Lisburn, by Weyman.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord : 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise :
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
2. He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He counts their numbers, calls their names :
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound ;
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
3. Sing to the Lord ; exalt Him high
Who spreads his clouds around the sky :
He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn.

LXXVIII.

**HUNDRED AND FORTY-EIGHTH
PSALM.***(By Dr. Watts.)**Music, Peckham, as 25th Psalm; Mel. Sac.*

1. LET every creature join
To praise th' eternal God ;
Ye heavenly hosts, the praise begin,
And sound His name abroad.
2. Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays ;
Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
3. He built those worlds above
And fix'd their wondrous frame :
By His command they stand or move,
And ever speak His name.
4. Ye vapours when ye rise,
Or fall in showers and snow,
Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies
His power and greatness shew.
5. Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in dreadful storms conspire
To execute His word.

LXXIX.

SECOND PART.

6. LET Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker praise :
Praise Him ye watery worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
7. Ye lions of the wood
And tamer beasts that graze ;
Ye live upon his daily food,
And He expects your praise.
8. Ye birds of lofty wing
On high his praises bear ;
Or sit on flowery boughs and sing
Your Maker's bounty there.
9. Ye creeping ants and worms
His various wisdom shew :
Insects, in all your shining swarms
Praise Him who dressed you so.
10. Monarchs of high command
Praise the eternal King :
Judges adore the sovereign hand
Whence all your honors spring.
11. By all the earth-born race
His honors be express'd :

But

But those who know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise Him best.

150th Psalm, "Praise the Lord," &c. (See Hymn 26th.)

LXXX.

ETERNAL POWER.

Music, by Palmi.

1. **ETERNAL** Power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God ;
Infinite lengths beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
2. Thee while the first Archangel sings,
He hides his face beneath his wings ;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
3. Lord, what may earth and ashes do
Who would adore their Maker too ?
From sin and dust to Thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high !
4. Earth from afar hath heard Thy fame,
And worms have learn'd to lisp Thy name :
But O ! the glories of Thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

5. God is in heaven, and man below,
 Be short our notes ; our words be few :
 A solemn reverence checks our songs,
 And praise sits silent on our tongues !
-

LXXXI.

FOR EASTER.

Music, Salisbury, as 95th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,
 Our triumphant holy day ;
 Who so lately on the cross
 Suffer'd, to redeem our loss.
 Hallelujah, hallélujah, &c.
2. Hymns of praises let us sing
 Unto Christ, our heavenly king ;
 Who endured the cross and grave,
 Sinners to redeem and save.
 Hallelujah, &c.
3. But the anguish he endured,
 Our salvation hath procured :
 Now He reigns above the sky,
 Where the Angels ever cry
 Hallelujah, &c.

LXXXII.

THOU GOD OF POWER.

Music, Consolation, (4th Number, Mel. Sac.)

1. THOU God of power and God of love,
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Whose praise archangels sing ;
And veil their faces while they cry
“ Thrice Holy !” to their God most high ;
“ Thrice Holy !” to their King.
2. Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless the Saviour’s sacred name,
Through whom such grace is given ;
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms our ruin’d souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.
3. The veil that hides Thy glory rend,
And here in saving power descend
And fix thy blest abode :
Here to each heart thyself reveal,
And all who enter make to feel
The presence of their God !

LXXXIII.

TO GOD THE ONLY WISE.

Jude 24, 25.

*An Anthem, Litchfield, Mel. Sac. 4th Number,
by Rev. Mr. Madan. (Words by Dr. Watts.)*

1. TO God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
2. 'Tis His almighty love
(His counsel and his care,)
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.
3. He will present his saints
Unblemish'd and complete
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
4. Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne ;
Shall bless the conduct of His grace :
And make his wonders known.
5. To our redeeming Lord.
Almighty power belongs ;
Unfading crowns of majesty
And everlasting songs !

LXXXIV.

FROM SALEM'S GATE.

An Anthem, (by Mr. James Peace.)

1. FROM Salem's gate advancing slow,
What object meets the eyes ?
What means this majesty of woe ;
What mean those mingled cries !
2. Who may it be that groans beneath
A ponderous weight of wood ;
His soul o'erwhelm'd with pains of death,
His body bathed in blood ?
3. Is this the man, can this be he
The prophets have foretold,
Should with transgressors number'd be
And for their crimes be sold ?
4. Yes, well I know, 'tis He, 'tis He,
Ev'n Jesus, God's dear Son ;
Clothed in mortality to die
For crimes that I have done.
5. O lovely form ! O blessed sight
To sinful souls like me !
My soul, with sorrow and delight-
Behold him die for thee.

LXXXV.

ON THE PASSION.

*An Anthem by Mr. Bradbury.
(See 55th Psalm,—Mel. Sac.)*

1. BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree :
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me !
2. Hark how he groans, while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend :
The temple's veil in sunder breaks ;
The solid marbles rend !
3. 'Tis done ;—the precious ransom's paid !
“ Receive my soul,” he cries.
See, where he bows his sacred head ;
He bows his head and dies !
4. But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

LXXXVI.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

*Words by Dr. Watts, (corrected.) An Anthem by
Madan, as 57th Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. HE dies : the friend of sinners dies :
 Lo, Salem's daughters weep around !
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground !
Ye saints, here let your sorrows flow
 For him who groan'd beneath your load ;
He pour'd a plenteous stream for you
 From mercy's font, his sacred blood.
2. O love and grief beyond degree,—
 The Lord of Glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see :
 Jesus the dead revives again !
The rising God forsakes the tomb ;
 The tomb in vain forbids His rise :
Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout his welcome to the skies !
3. Break off your tears, his people ; tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns :

Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell ;
And led the tyrant, Death, in chains !
Say, " Live for ever, wond'rous King,
Born to redeem,—mighty to save !
Then ask of death, oh "where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, oh grave!"

LXXXVII.

THE SECOND ADVENT.

Music, Judgment, (4th Numb. Mel. Sac.)

1. HE comes! He comes! the judge severe;*
The seventh trumpet speaks him near :
His lightnings flash, his thunders roll ;
He's welcome to the faithful soul !
2. From heaven angelic voices sound ;—
See the Almighty Jesus crown'd :
Robed in omnipotence and grace,
Glory adorns the Saviour's face !
3. Descending on his azure throne,
He claims the kingdoms for his own :
The kingdoms all obey his word,
And hail Him their triumphant Lord.

* " Severe," strictly just.

LXXXVIII.

BLOW YE THE TRUMPET.

*(Words by Rev. A. G. Toplady.) Trumpet Tune,
Mel. See. 4th Number.*

1. BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly-solemn sound :
Let all the nations know
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come :
Return, ye ransom'd sinners home !
2. Jesus, our great High-Priest
Hath full atonement made :
Ye weary spirits, rest,
Ye mourning souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee, &c.
3. Extol the Lamb of God,
The great atoning Lamb :
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee, &c.

LXXXIX.

ALL HAIL THE POWER.*(Music, as 66th Psalm; Mel. Sac.)*

1. ALL hail the power of Jesu's name ;
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown Him Lord of all !
2. Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before His face who form'd their choir ;
And crown Him Lord of all.
3. Let those redeem'd of Adam's race,
The ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves them by His grace ;
And crown Him Lord of all.
4. Let every tribe, and every tongue,
Throughout this earthly ball,
Loud shout in universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all.
5. O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall :
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all !

XC.

HEAD OF THE CHURCH.

*(The original Words corrected.) Music by
Mrs. Horne. Mcl. Sac. 4th Number.*

1. HEAD of the church triumphant,
We joyfully adore thee :
Till Thou appear, thy members here
Await thy coming glory !
We raise our hearts and voices
In blest anticipation,
Singing aloud, we give to God
The praise of our salvation.
2. While in affliction's furnace,
And passing through the fire ;
Thy love we praise, which proves our ways
And brings us ever nigher.
We view the cross, exulting
In thine almighty favour ;
Since love divine, which made us thine,
Shall keep us thine for ever
3. Ev'n should'st thou lead thy people
Through torrents of temptation ;
We must not fear, while thou art near,
The fire of tribulation :

In faith await the glory
To which thou shalt restore us :
The world despise, for that high prize
Which thou hast set before us !

XCI.

O FOR A HEART.

(Words by Wesley.—Music, Oldham.)

1. O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free !
A heart that's cleansed by the blood
So freely shed for me.
2. A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
And where he reigns alone.
3. O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither death nor life can part
From Him that dwells within !

XCII.

O FOR A CLOSER WALK.

(Music, Oldham : Words by Cowper.)

1. O for a closer walk with God ;
A calm and heavenly frame :
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
2. What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd ;
How sweet their memory still !
But they have left an aching void,
This world can never fill.
3. Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins which made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
4. The dearest idol I have known,
(Whate'er that idol be,)
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee.
5. So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
And clearer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

XCIII.

ON THE CRUCIFIXION.

Words by Dr. Watts.—Music, see 22nd Psalm, Mel. Sac. (composed expressly for this Hymn, by R. Taylor.)

1. ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die ;
Did he devote his sacred head
For such a wretch as I ?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree ?
Amazing pity—grace unknown,
And love beyond degree !
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in ;
When Christ the world's Creator died
For man the creature's sin !
4. And well may I my blushing face
Hide while His cross appears ;
My heart dissolved in thankfulness,
My eyes in flowing tears.
5. Yet flowing tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe :
Here, Lord, I give *myself* away ;—
O help me so to do !

XCIV.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT.*(By Cowper.)**Music, as 90th Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. **THERE** is a fountain fill'd with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
And there may, I as foul as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
3. Atoning Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power ;
Till all the ransom'd church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.
4. E'er since I knew the cleansing stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love hath been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.
5. Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save ;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Is silent in the grave !

XCV.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR.

(By Newton.)

*The Music of this Hymn was the last composition
of David Weyman.*

1. WHY should I fear the darkest hour,
Or tremble at the tempter's power ?
Jesus vouchsafes to be my tower !
Though hot the fight, why leave the field :
Why should I either flee or yield,
Since Jesus is my mighty shield ?
2. I know not what may soon betide,
Or how my wants shall be supplied ;
But Jesus knows, and will provide.
Though sin would fill me with distress,
The throne of grace I can address,
For Jesus is my righteousness !
3. Though faint my prayers, and cold my love,
My steadfast hope shall not remove,
While Jesus intercedes above.
Against me earth and hell combine ;
But on my side is power divine :
Jesus is all, and he is mine !

XCVI.

BLEST MORNING.*(By Dr. Watts.)**An Anthem, (Asia,) by Peace.*

1. BLEST morning! whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God ;
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode.
Wrapt in the silence of the tomb
The great Redeemer lay ;
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third—the appointed day.
2. Hell and the grave, to hold their king
Combined their force in vain ;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.
To Thy great name, Almighty Lord,
We sacred honours pay ;
And loud hosannas still proclaim
The triumph of the day !
3. Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King ;
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, &c.

XCVII.

THE CHRISTIAN HOPE.

Music, (Consolation,) Sec 4th Numb. Mel. Sac.

1. COME on my partners in distress,
Companions through this wilderness
Who still life's burthen feel :
Awhile forget our pains, our fears ;
O look beyond this vale of tears
To that celestial hill !
2. Who suffer with their master here
Shall yet before his throne appear,
And by his side sit down :
To patient faith the prize is sure ;
And all who to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.
3. Beyond the bounds of time and space
Look onward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode !
On faith's strong eagle-pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

XCVIII.

HARK THE GLAD SOUND.

*(By Doddridge, See Luke iv. 18, 19.)
Music, same as 122nd Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. HARK the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
2. On him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts his sacred fire
Wisdom and might and love and zeal
His holy breast inspire.
3. He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held :
The gates of brass before him burst ;
The iron fetters yield.
4. He comes, from dark'ning scales
To clear the inward sight of vice,
And o'er the eye balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
5. He comes, the broken hearts to bind ;
The bleeding souls to cure :
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6. Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
 Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
 And Heaven's exalted arches ring
 With Thine adored name !
-

XCIX.

ON RELIGIOUS DOUBT.*(By Cowper.)**Music, same as 32nd Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. WHEN darkness long hath veil'd my mind,
 And smiling day once more appears ;
 Then, my Redeemer, then I find
 The folly of my doubts and fears.
2. O ! let me then at length be taught
 What I am still so slow to learn ;
 That God is love and changes not,
 Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
3. Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
 But, when my faith is sharply tried,
 I find myself a learner yet,
 Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
4. Still thou'rt as willing to forgive
 As I am ready to repine :
 Thou, therefore, all the praise receive,
 Be shame and self-abhorrence mine.

C.

OLD HUNDREDTH PSALM.

*As sung at the Anniversary Meetings of the
Parochial School Children in London, at the
Cathedral Church of St. Paul.*

Music, by Martin Luther, (See 100th Psalm Mel. Sac.)

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.
2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
3. O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy his Courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
4. For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

CI.

JESUS ! AT THY COMMAND.*(By Rev. A. G. Toplady.)**Music, same as 136th Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. JESUS at thy command
I launch into the deep ;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep :
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.
 2. Thou art my pilot wise ;
My compass is thy word :
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord !
I trust thy faithfulness and power,
To save me in the trying hour.
 3. Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And angry storms subside ;
Then to my succour fly
And keep me near thy side !
Far more the treacherous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.
- F 3
- Through

4. Through faith I see the land—
The port of endless rest :
My soul, each sail expand,
And haste to Jesu's breast !
O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more !
-

CII.

ON PATIENT FAITH.*(Beddome.)**Music, as 62nd Psalm ; Mel. Sac.*

1. WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions all be still !
Nor let a murmuring thought arise :—
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
2. He in the thickest darkness dwells ;
Performs his works, the cause conceals :
But, though his counsels are unknown,
Justice and truth support his throne.
3. Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before His awful seat ;
And, 'midst the terrors of thy God,
Bend and caress His chastening rod.

CIII.

THEE WE ADORE:*(By Dr. Watts.)**Music, Walsal, as 10th Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. **THEE** we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is this mortal frame,
What fleeting dust are we !
2. Our wasting lives grow shorter still
As days and months increase ;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.
3. The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave :
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
4. Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things :
Th' eternal state of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings !
5. Infinite joy, or endless woe
Attends on every breath ;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death !

Waken,

6. Waken, O Lord, our sleeping sense,
To walk this dangerous road ;
And, should our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found in God !
-

CIV.

**OLD HUNDRED AND FOURTH
PSALM.**

*As sung at the Anniversary Meetings of the
Parochial School Children in London, at the
Cathedral Church of St. Paul.*

(Music by Handel, See 149th Psalm, Mel. Sac.)

1. MY Soul, praise the Lord, speak good of
his name :
O Lord our great God, how dost thou
appear !
So passing in glory, that great is thy fame ;
Honour and majesty in thee shine most
clear.
2. With light as a robe Thou hast thyself clad,
Whereby all the earth thy greatness may
see :
The heavens in such sort thou also hast
spread,
That they to a curtain compared may be.

3. His chamber-beams lie in the clouds full
sure,
Which as his chariots are made Him to
bear :
And there with much swiftness his course
doth endure,
Upon the wings riding of winds in the
air.
4. He maketh his Spirits as heralds to go,
And lightnings to serve we see also
prest :
His will to accomplish they run to and fro,
To save or consume things as seemeth
him best.
-

CV.

OLD EIGHTEENTH PSALM:

Verses 9 and 10.

Music, as 1st Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. THE Lord descended from above
And bow'd the heavens high ;
And underneath his feet He cast
The darkness of the sky.
2. On Cherubim and Seraphim
Full royally He rode ;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

CVI.

WE'VE NO ABIDING CITY.

Heb. xiii, 14. and xi. 10, 16.

(Words and Music by Rev. Thomas Kelly.)

1. "WE'VE no abiding city here :"
Sad truth were this to be our home !
But let the thought our spirits cheer,
" We seek a city yet to come."
2. " We've no abiding city here :"
Then we should live as pilgrims do ;
Let not the world our rest appear,
But let us haste from all below.
3. " We've no abiding city here,"
But seek a city out of sight :
Zion 'tis called,—we'll soon be there ;
It shines with everlasting light.
4. Hail, sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are blest !
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to thee, and be at rest.
5. But hush my soul, nor dare repine !
The time thy God appoints is best :
While here, to do his will be *thine* ;
And *His* to fix thy time of rest.

CVII.

FROM EGYPT LATELY COME.*(Words and Music by Rev. T. Kelly.)*

1. FROM Egypt lately come,
 Where death and darkness reign,
 We seek a new, a better home,
 Where we our rest shall gain.

Chorus { Hallelujah, Hallelujah
 We are on our way to God.

2. To Canaan's sacred bound
 We haste with songs of joy ;
 Where peace and liberty are found,
 And sweets that never cloy.
3. There sin and sorrow cease,
 And every conflict's o'er ;
 There we shall dwell in endless peace,
 And never hunger more.

4. What are those distant sounds
 That strike our listening ears ?
 They come from Canaan's happy bounds
 Where God our king appears.

5. There in celestial strains
 Enraptured myriads sing :

There

There love in every bosom reigns
For God himself is king.

6. We soon shall join their throng
And all their pleasures share :
And sing the everlasting song
With all the ransom'd there.
-

CVIII.

LIGHT OF THOSE.

Music, St. Peter's.

1. **LIGHT** of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death ;
Rise on us thyself revealing,
And disperse the clouds beneath.
2. The new heaven and earth's Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise ;
Scattering all the night of nature,
Pouring eye-sight on our eyes !
3. Still we wait for thine appearing :
Life and joy thy beams impart,
Chasing all our fears, and cheering
Every poor benighted heart.

CIX.

**WHILE WITH CEASELESS
COURSE.***(Newton.)**Music, same as 27th Hymn.*

1. **WHILE** with ceaseless course the sun
Hasten'd through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here :
Fix'd in an eternal state
They have done with all below ;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.
2. As the winged arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find ;
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind :
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
All below is but a dream !

3. Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew ;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view :
Bless Thy truth to young and old,
Fill them with their Saviour's love ;
So, when life's short tale is told,
May they rest with thee above !
-

CX.

A HYMN FOR NIGHT.

(To plady.)

1. WHAT though my frail eye-lids refuse
Continual watching to keep ;
And, punctual as midnight renews,
Demand the refreshment of sleep :
A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand ;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.
2. His minist'ring spirits descend
To watch while defenceless we sleep ;
By day and by night they attend,
The heirs of salvation to keep :

Bright seraphs, dispatch'd from the throne,
 Repair to their stations assign'd ;
 And Angels elect are sent down
 To guard the elect of mankind.

3. His worship no interval knows ;
 Their fervour is still on the wing :
 And, while they protect our repose,
 They chaunt to the praise of their king.
 I too, at the season ordain'd,
 Their chorus for ever may join ;
 And love and adore, without end,
 Their faithful Creator, and mine.
-

CXI.

NOW I HAVE FOUND.

1. NOW I have found the blessed ground
 Where my sure anchor may remain ;
 The Lamb of God, who for my sin
 Was a propitiation slain :
 Whose mercy shall unshaken stay
 When earth and heaven have pass'd away.
2. O love divine, Thou vast abyss,
 My crimes are swallow'd up in Thee :

Cover'd is my unrighteousness,
From condemnation I am free :
While Jesu's blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries !

8. Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength and health and
friends be gone ;
Though joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn ;
Steadfast on Thee my soul relies,
Father, Thy mercy never dies !
4. Fix'd on this ground shall I remain
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay ;
This anchor can my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away ;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with Thine everlasting love.

CXII.

SWEET THE MOMENTS.

Music, as lately arranged by R. W. Beatty.

1. SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend ;
Life and health and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend !

Here I'll sit for ever viewing
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
 Precious drops my soul bedewing
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2. Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe:
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death.
 May I never lose this feeling,
 Never from my Saviour go:
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And myself more deeply know!

CXIII.

SECOND PART.

*Verses which may be sung at pleasure in
 connexion with the foregoing.
 (Corrected, from Wesley.)*

1. COME, Thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace!
 Streams of mercy never ceasing
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger
 Wandering from the fold of God:
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

To

2. To Thy grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Love Divine—how strong the fetter,
Binds my wandering soul to thee !
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Given to leave the God I love :
Take, O take this heart and seal it,
Seal it for thyself above !
-

CXIV.

IT IS FINISHED:

John xix. 30.

*Words selected principally from Mr. Kelly's Hymns.
Music, from the Bethesda Collection,*

1. HARK the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary :
Rending rocks the words attesting
Shaking earth and veiled sky :
 " It is finished !"
Was the Saviour's dying cry.
2. Mark the sacrifice appointed,
See who bears th' afflicting rod :
' Prince of Peace,' ' The Lord's
 Anointed,'

‘ Son of Man,’ and ‘ Son of God !’

“ It is finished,”

He hath died beneath our load !

3. Gracious Lord ! my heart is fixed,
Sing I will, and sing of Thee :
Since the cup which justice mixed
Thou hast drank, and drank for me.
It is finished :
Thou hast set the prisoner free !
-

CXV.

* SECOND PART.

4. HARK :—ten thousand harps and voices !
High their notes of rapture rove :
Jesus reigns, and Heaven rejoices :
Jesus reigns the God of Love !
“ It is finished,”
Swells the immortal strain above !
5. Hark again ! the trumpet sounding
Loud proclaims the judge more near :
Jesus comes, his foes confounding ;
Jesus to his people dear !
All is finished :
The new heaven and earth appear !

CXVI.

THE SHAME OF THE CROSS.

1. LORD JESUS, shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Scorn'd be the thought by rich and poor;
Oh may I scorn it more and more!
2. Ashamed of Jesus?—sooner far,
Let evening blush to own its star:
Ashamed of Jesus?—just as soon
Let midnight blush to think of noon.
3. Ashamed of Jesus?—that best friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend:
It must not be; be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.
4. Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may
When I've no guilt to wash away:
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
5. Till then, (nor is this boasting vain,)
Till then I'll boast a Saviour slain:
And Oh may this my portion be,
That Jesu's not ashamed of me!

CXVII.

**WHAT HAVE I TO DO WITH
THEE ?**

1. YES, Thou hast much to do with me,
Thou sinner's friend, and I with thee !
'Tis thine to pardon, thine to bless,
And thine to lead to happiness.
2. If ever suppliant soul might plead
A Saviour's prayer to intercede,
Let me that humble suppliant be,
And oh, my Saviour, pray for me !
3. Behold a soul deep stain'd with guilt
For which thy precious blood was spilt :
Look on this heart ; its sorrows see ;
Say hast Thou nought to do with me ?
4. Lead me to pardon, life and love ;
Fix my whole trust on Heaven above :
Banish corruption from my breast,
And lead me unto endless rest.
5. Be this Thy work and Thy reward,
My crucified and risen Lord !
But what can I repay to Thee,
When Thou hast done thus much for me !

CXVIII.

ON THE LOVE OF GOD.

Arranged to Luther's Hymn by Smith.

1. THOU hidden love of God, whose
height,
Whose depth unfathom'd no man knows;
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose!
My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
2. Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove:
And fain I would; but though my will
Seem fix'd, yet wide my passions rove:
Still hindrances strew all my way;
I aim at Thee, yet from thee stray.
3. Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with Thee my heart to share?
O tear it thence, and reign alone
The Lord of every motion there:
Then shall my heart from earth be free
When it hath found repose in thee.

5. O hide this *self* from me ; that ' I '
 No more, but ' Christ ' in me may live:
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling sin survive :
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek, but Thee !
6. Yes, call from sin and self away
 A heart that lowly waits thy call ;
 Speak to my inmost soul and say,
 " I am thy life, thy God, thy all."
 To know thy power, to hear thy voice,
 To feel thy love, be all my choice.

 CXIX.

ANTHEM FOR EASTER DAY.

(1 Cor. xv. 20. &c.) *Music, by Key.*

20. NOW is Christ risen from the dead,
 and become the first fruits of them that
 slept. 21. For since by man came death, by
 man came also the resurrection of the dead.
 51. Behold I shew you a mystery ; we shall
 not all sleep, but we shall be changed.
 52. In a moment, in the twinkling of an
 eye, at the last trump ! For the trumpet
 shall

shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

53. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. 54. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. 55. O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? 56. The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law; 57. But thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Hallelujah.*

CXX.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

*Being an Imitation of the 24th Psalm.
(An Anthem by Dr. Arnold.)*

1. THE Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Forced to the portals of the sky.
2. There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay;
"Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates,
"Ye everlasting doors give way!"

3. Loose all your massy bars of light
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene :
He claims those mansions as his right ;
Admit the King of Glory in.
4. Who is the King of Glory, who ?
The Lord, who every foe o'ercame ;
Sin and the world and death o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
5. Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay ;
" Lift up your heads ye heavenly gates,
" Ye everlasting doors give way !
6. " Who is the King of Glory, who ?
" The Lord, of glorious power possest ;
" The king of saints, and angels too ;
" God over all, for ever blest !"

CXXI.

SEE, GRACIOUS GOD.

(*Toplady.*)

*Music, by Handel, from the Collection of
Magdalen Asylum, page 26.*

1. SEE, gracious God ; before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend !

'Tis

'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.

2. Tremendous judgments from thy hand
Thy dreadful power display ;
Yet mercy spares this guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
3. What numerous crimes increasing rise
Through this apostate isle :
What land so favour'd of the skies,
And yet what land so vile !
4. O turn us, turn us, blessed Lord,
By thine almighty grace !
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

CXXII.

GLORY TO GOD ON HIGH.

Music, Bermondsey, by Milgrove.

1. ' GLORY to God on high :'
Let Earth and Heaven reply
 ' Praise ye His name' !
Angels His love adore
Who all our sorrows bore,
And saints cry evermore.
 " Worthy the Lamb !"
 (Chorus, the same.)

2. All those around the throne
 Cheerfully join in one
 Praising His name.
 You who have felt His blood
 Making your peace with God,
 Should tell his praise abroad ;
 “ Worthy the Lamb !”
3. Though we must change our place,
 Yet shall we never cease
 Praising His name.
 To Him we'll tribute bring ;
 Hail Him our Lord and King ;
 And without ceasing sing
 “ Worthy the Lamb !”

 CXXIII.
FATHER, WHATE'ER.

Music, same as 61st Psalm; Mel. Sac.

1. FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at Thy throne of grace
 Let one petition rise.
2. “ Give me a calm, a thankful heart
 From every murmur free ;

The

The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And make me live to Thee.

3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end!"

CXXIV.

ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.

See Isa. lii. 7.

Words and Music by Rev. T. Kelly.

1. ON the mountain-top appearing
Lo, the sacred herald stands!
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive!
God himself will loose thy bands.
2. Hath thy night been long and mournful;
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy tears or sighs unmoved?
Cease thy mourning:
Zion still is well beloved.

3. Lo, thy Sun is risen in glory,
 God Himself appears thy friend !
 All thy foes shall sink before thee ;
 Here their boasts and triumphs end.
 Great deliverance
 Zion's King vouchsafes to send.
-

CXXV.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

John x. 10.

Words and Music by Rev. T. Kelly.

1. O THOU great Shepherd of the sheep,
 Thy 'little flock' in safety keep :
 The flock for which thou camest from
 heaven ;
 The flock for which thy life was given !
2. Thou sawest them wandering far from
 thee,
 Secure, as though from danger free :
 Thy love did all their wanderings trace,
 And bring them to a resting place."
3. Guard still thy flock from beasts of prey,
 And keep them that they never stray ;
 Cherish

Cherish the young, sustain the old ;
Let none be feeble in Thy fold.

4. Conceal them from the scorching beam,
And lead them to the living stream :
In verdant pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
5. O may thy flock discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice !
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee !
6. Bring home thy sheep that wander yet,
And let the number be complete :
Then let them from this earth remove,
To occupy thy fold above !

CXXVI.

JESUS, KING OF KINGS.

On Rev. xix. 16.

Music, St. Asaph.

Words by Rev. T. Kelly.

1. WHENCE those unusual bursts of joy,
Whose sound through heaven rings ?
They welcome JESUS to the sky,
And crown him KING OF KINGS.

2. At sight of Him the seraphs bright
Exulting clap their wings ;
They hail their Lord with new delight,
And crown Him KING OF KINGS.
 3. To Him who bore our sin and shame
High heaven its tribute brings ;
'Tis meet we should exalt that name
And crown Him KING OF KINGS.
 4. We hope e'er long, beyond those clouds,
To tune celestial strings :
And join with heaven's exulting crouds
To crown Him KING OF KINGS.
-

CXXVII.

MY HEART IS FIXED.

See Psalm 108.

Music and Words by Rev. T. Kelly.

1. GRACIOUS Lord, my heart is fixed,
Sing I will and sing of thee :
Since the cup that justice mixed
Thou hast drank, and drank for me :
It is finish'd !
Thou hast set thy prisoner free.

Many

2. Many were the chains that bound me ;
But the Lord hath loosed them all :
Arms of mercy now surround me :
Favours these nor few nor small.
Saviour keep me :
Keep thy servant lest he fall !
3. Fair the scene that lies before me ;
Life eternal Jesus gives :
While he spreads his banner o'er me
Peace and joy my soul receives.
Sure His promise !
I shall live because He lives.
4. When the world would bid me leave Thee,
Telling me of shame and loss ;
Saviour guard me lest I grieve thee,
Lest I cease to love Thy cross.
Sure thy promise !
All the rest I count but dross.
-

CXXVIII.

THE DOXOLOGY.

(Words by Bishop Kenn.—Music by Sharman.)

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
flow ;

Praise Him all creatures here below :

Praise Him above ye heavenly host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 Holy, holy, holy Lord God of hosts !
 Heaven and Earth are full of the ma-
 jesty of Thy glory!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

CXXIX.

HAD I THE TONGUE.

(1 Cor. xiii.)

1. HAD I the tongue of Greeks or Jews,
 Or nobler speech than angels use ;
 If love be absent, I am found
 Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
 Were I inspired to preach and tell
 All that is done in heaven and hell ;
 Or could my faith the world remove,
 Still I am nothing without love.
2. Should I distribute all my store
 To heal the miseries of the poor,
 Or give my body to the flame
 To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
 If love to God and love to men
 Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
 Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal
 The work of love can e'er fulfil.

CXXX.

FOR PARDON AND PEACE.

1. LAMB of God, for sinners slain,
To Thee I feebly pray :
Heal me of my grief and pain,
Oh take my sins away !
From this bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be opprest :
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to Thy breast !
2. Hast Thou not invited all
Who groan beneath their sin ?
Weary, I obey thy call,
And come to be made clean.
Give my burthen'd conscience ease,
Oh grant me now the promised rest ;
Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
And take me to Thy breast !
3. Wilt thou cast a sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee ?
No, good Lord, I cannot doubt
Thy mercy is for me.

Let me then obtain thy grace
 And be of paradise possest :
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !

4. Worldly good I do not want ;
 Be that to others given :
 Only for Thy love I pant,
 My All in earth or heaven.
 This the crown I fain would seize,
 The good wherewith I would be blest ;
 Jesus, Master, seal my peace,
 And take me to Thy breast !

CXXXI.

MY GOD PERMIT ME NOT TO BE.

(From the Selection of R. Tighe, Esq.)

1. MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee ;
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove
 Forgetful of my highest love.
2. Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go ?
Call

3. Call me away from sin and sense ;—
One sovereign word can draw me thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
4. Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone :
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God I find.

CXXXII.

WEARY SOULS.

From the Selection of R. Tighe, Esq.

1. **WEARY** souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those blest wounds of his :
Sink into the purple flood,
Rise into the **LIFE OF GOD.**
2. Find in Christ the way of Peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown :
By His pain he gives you ease,
Life in his expiring groan !
Rise exalted by His fall,
Find in Christ your all in all.

O believe

3. O believe the record true,
‘ God to us his Son hath given !’
Then may you be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven.
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.
4. This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul design’d ;
God’s primeval promise this,
God’s great gift to all mankind :
Blest in Christ this moment be,
Blest to all eternity !

CXXXIII.

I THIRST.

(From the same Collection.)

Music, as 100th Psalm : Mel. Sac.

1. I THIRST, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in Thy cleansing blood ;
Hard by thy wounds to rest ; then pain
Were sweet, and life or death were gain.
2. How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter’d at thy bleeding side :
Who life and strength from Thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live !

H

Thence

3. Thence the heart melts, the eyes o'erflow,
Our words are lost ; nor can we know
Nor can we think on aught beside
Our Lord, our Saviour crucified !
4. What are our works but sin and death
Till Thou Thy quick'ning Spirit breath ?
Take then these hearts, and let them be
For ever closed to all but Thee.
5. Oh Lord, enlarge our narrow thought
To know the wonders thou hast wrought :
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable !

CXXXIV.

FATHER OF LIGHTS.

1. FATHER of lights! from whom proceeds
Whate'er thine every creature needs ;
Whose goodness providently nigh,
Feeds the young ravens when they cry ;
To Thee I look ; my heart prepare ;
Suggest and hearken to my prayer.
2. Since by thy light myself I see
Naked and poor, and void of Thee,
Thine eyes, (I've learn'd) my thoughts
survey,
Preventing what my lips would say ;

Thou seest my wants ; for help they call ;
And, ere I speak, Thou know'st them all.

3. Thou know'st the baseness of my mind,
Wayward, and impotent, and blind !
Thou know'st how unsubdued my will,
Averse to good, and prone to ill :
Thou know'st how wide my passions rove,
Nor check'd by fear, nor charm'd by love.
4. Fain would I know as known by Thee,
And feel the indigence I see ;
Ah, give me, Lord, myself to feel
My total misery reveal :
And, give me, Lord, (I still would say)
A heart to mourn ; a heart to pray !

CXXXV.

HYMN TO OUR SAVIOUR.

From the same. Music as 103rd Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. JESU, in whom the weary find
Their late but permanent repose !
Physician of the sin-sick mind,
Relieve my wants, assuage my woes ;
And let my soul on Thee be cast
Till life's fierce tyranny be past !

2. Loosed from my God, and far removed,
Long have I wander'd to and fro ;
O'er earth in endless circles roved,
Nor found whereon to rest below ;
Back to my God at last I fly :
For Oh, the waters still are high !
3. Selfish pursuits, and nature's maze,
The things of earth for Thee I leave ;
Put forth thine hand, thine hand of grace,
Into the ark of God receive :
Take this weak fluttering soul to rest
And lodge it, Saviour, in thy breast.
4. Fill with inviolable peace,
Stablish and keep my settled heart ;
In thee may all my wand'rings cease,
From thee no more may I depart :
Thy utmost goodness call'd to prove,
Loved with an everlasting love !

CXXXVI.

THEE WILL I LOVE.

Music, as 22nd Hymn: Magdalen Collection:

1. THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown ;

- Thee will I love with all my power,
 In all Thy works, and Thee alone :
 Thee will I love, till the pure fire
 Fill all my soul with chaste desire.
2. Ah ! why did I so late Thee know,
 Thee, lovelier than the sons of men ?
 Ah ! why did I no sooner go
 To thee, the only ease in pain ?
 Ashamed I sigh, and inly mourn
 That I so late to thee did turn.
3. In darkness willingly I stray'd,
 I sought thee, yet from thee I roved ;
 Far wide my wandering thoughts were
 spread,
 Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :
 And now if more at length I see,
 'Tis through Thy light, and comes from
 Thee.

CXXXVII.

SECOND PART.

4. I THANK Thee, uncreated Sun,
 That Thy bright beams on me have
 shined ;
 I thank thee, who hast overthrown
 My foes, and heal'd my wounded mind :
- H 3
- I thank

I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice!

5. Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love beneath thy frown
Or smile, thy sceptre or thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee will I love in endless day!
-

CXXXVIII.

ON DELIVERANCE.

From the Collection of R. Tighe, Esq.

1. O THOU who, when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove;
My Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.
2. Since thou a pitying ear didst give
And heard'st me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thine aid.
3. Pale death, with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompass'd round:
Anguish and sin, and dread and pain
On every side I found.

4. To Thee, the Lord of life, I pray'd
And did for succour flee :
' O save (in my distress I said)
' A soul that trusts in thee !'
5. How good Thou art, how large thy grace
How easy to forgive !
The helpless thou delight'st to raise,
And by Thy love we live.
6. Then, thou my soul, be never more
With anxious thoughts distress :
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease, to joy, to rest !

CXXXIX.

THOU HIDDEN SOURCE.

Words from the same. Music, St. Basil.

1. THOU hidden Source of calm repose,
Thou All-sufficient Love Divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
Secure I am if Thou art mine ;
And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
I flee for help to Thy great name.
2. Jesus ! my all in all thou art,
My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of the broken heart,

In

In war my peace, in loss my gain:
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
 In shame my glory and my crown.

3. In want my plentiful supply,
 In weakness my almighty power,
 In bonds my perfect liberty,
 My light in Satan's darkest hour:
 In grief my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death, my heaven in hell!

CXL.

THE BILLOWS SWELL.

Music, as 93rd Psalm, Mel. Sac. (without Hallelujah.)
Words from the same Collection.

1. THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky:
 Out of the depths to Thee I call;
 My fears are great, my strength is small.
2. Great Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threat'ning ill,
 Controul the waves; say, "Peace, be still."
3. Amidst the roaring of the sea
 My soul still hangs her hope on Thee;
 Thy constant love, thy faithful care
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4. Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore
And leave it to return no more.
5. Though tempest-toss'd and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek :
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again !

CXLI.

WHEN, GRACIOUS LORD.

Music, St. Patrick's, 4th Numb. Mel. Sac.

1. WHEN, gracious Lord, when shall it be
That I shall find my all in thee?
The fulness of thy promise prove,
The seal of thine eternal love?
A poor blind child I wander here,
If haply I may feel Thee near ;
O dark, dark, dark, (I still must say)
Amidst the blaze of gospel-day !
2. Thee, only thee, I fain would find,
And cast the world and sin behind ;
Thou, only thou, to me be given,
Of all on earth or all in heaven :
All earthly comforts I disdain,
They cannot rob me of my pain ;

Or

- Or make me senseless of my load
Or less disconsolate for God.
3. Rather let all the creatures take
Their miserable comforts back ;
With every vain relief depart,
And leave me to my broken heart :—
Leave me, my friends, the mourner leave ;
For God, and not for you, I grieve :
My weakness, O ye strong, despise,
My foolish ignorance, ye wise.
4. Let all my father's children be
Still angry, still displeased with me,
Disclaim, dishonour, and disown :
I would be poor, forlorn, alone,
A child, a fool, a thing of nought,
Abhorr'd, neglected and forgot ;
Contemn'd, abandon'd, and distress,
Till I from mortal man have ceased !
-

CXLII.

SECOND PART.

5. WHOM man forsakes Thou wilt not leave,
Ready the outcasts to receive :
Though all my simpleness I own,
And all my faults to Thee are known.

Ah, wherefore did I ever doubt?
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out ;
An helpless soul, that comes to thee
With only sin and misery !

6. Lord ! I am sick ; my sickness cure :
In want ; do thou enrich the poor :
Lord, I am blind ; be Thou my sight :
Lord, I am faint ; be thou my might !
Under Thy sovereign hand I stoop ;
Oh lift the abject sinner up :
An helper of the helpless be,
And let me find my All in thee !

CXLIII.

THE CHRISTIAN WANDERER.

*From Tighe's Collection. Music, Evening Hymn,
Magdalen Collection.*

1. A POOR way-faring man I go
In restless wanderings to and fro ;
I to Jerusalem repair,
But oft I fear shall ne'er get there :
Fighting without and fears within
Tempt my desponding soul to sin ;
So that I find it hard to stand
And urge my way to Canaan's land.

Yet

2. Yet though my trials thus increase,
I'm often kept in perfect peace:
Pleasant I find the thorny road
When bless'd with visits from my God !
But if, at times, He hide his face
Ore'er withhold His strengthening grace,
I move with weary steps and slow
Complaining all the way I go.
3. Yet rather would I live in pain
Than to the world return again ;
Through earth I'll wander all my days,
A pilgrim poor, in Jesu's ways.
March on, my soul—thy Shepherd's near:
He goes before thee—do not fear !
He says, " Rise up, and come away,
" For the whole world's not worth thy
stay."

CXLIV.**FOR THE LORD'S DAY.**

Music, as 51st Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise :
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !

2. The King himself comes near,
And meets his saints to day ;
Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
3. One day within the place
Where my good God hath been,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
4. My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

CXLV.

IN LIFE'S GAY MORN.

Eccles. vii. 2—6.

1. IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
with vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the varied charms
which beauty can disclose :
Deep on thy soul, before its powers
are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
and character engraved.

2. For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
the sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils in endless round
encompass all thy ways.
Soon shall thy heart the woes of age
in mournful sighs deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys
that now return no more!
-

CXLVI.

WE WALK BY FAITH.*(Newton.)*

1. BY faith in Christ I walk with God,
With heaven, my journey's end, in view;
Supported by his staff and rod,
My road is safe and pleasant too.
2. I travel through a desert wide,
Where many round me blindly stray :
But He vouchsafes to be my guide
And will not let me miss my way.
3. The wilderness affords no food
But God for my support prepares ;
Provides me every needful good,
And frees my soul from wants and cares

4. With Him sweet converse I maintain,
Great as he is, I dare be free ;
I tell him all my grief and pain
And he reveals his love to me.
 5. Then let earth's children fondly talk
Of pleasures that must quickly end :
Be this my choice, O Lord ! to walk
With Thee, my Guide, my Guard, my
Friend.
-

CXLVII.

A NEW YEAR'S DAY HYMN.*By F. Ashe.*

1. THE rolling year has sped away,
How quick expired each fleeting day !
Scarce can one fleeting day declare
That time's improvement was my care.
2. Another year impatient flies ;—
Awake my soul, be timely wise !
Let not the viewless moments die
In which such endless treasures lie.
3. Waste not away one precious hour ;
Thou dost not know how short thy power :
How soon our span of life is o'er,
Or ev'n when time shall be no more.

CXLVIII.

SECOND PART.

4. REFLECT how best thou canst improve
The gift of God's eternal love :
The time He gives to Him is due
And still presents some duty new.
5. No useless learning to acquire,
Nor outward charms, nor vain attire ;
But to improve the immortal mind,
And fit it for the sphere designed.
6. To read, and meditate, and pray,
And, through the labors of the day,
To think on God's all seeing view ;
His glory thus in all pursue.
7. The deeply contrite heart be thine,
The soul renew'd by power divine :
And grateful love incite thee still
To do thy Heavenly Father's will ;
8. Lo, while I write, the moments fly,
Death is impending—Judgment nigh!
Haste then to win the purchased prize
' Awake my soul, be timely wise.'

CXLIX.

THE HIDING PLACE.*(Brewer.)*

1. AGAINST the God that rules the sky,
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the mention of his grace,
Secure, yet had no hiding-place.
2. Enwrapt in thick Egyptian night.
And loving darkness more than light,
Madly I ran the sinful race,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.
3. But thus th' eternal counsel ran,
"Almighty Grace, arrest that man:"
I felt the terrors of distress,
And found I had no hiding-place.
4. Indignant justice stood in view!
To Sinai's fiery mount I flew;
But Justice cried, with frowning face,
"This mountain is no hiding-place."
5. Ere long a gracious voice I heard,
And Mercy's heavenly form appear'd;
She led me on, with smiling face,
To Jesus Christ—my hiding-place!

On

6. On Him the tenfold vengeance fell
That would have sunk a world to hell ;
He bore it for his chosen race,
And so became their hiding-place.
 7. A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast :
There I shall sing the song of grace,
And rest me in that ' hiding-place !'
-

CL.

HEAVEN.

(Russian Poetry.)

THE golden palace of my God
Towering above the clouds I see ;
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,
Higher than angels' thoughts can be.
How can I in those courts appear
Without a wedding garment on ?
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,
Conduct me to Thy glorious throne :
And clothe me with Thy robes of light,
And lead me through sin's darksome night,
My Saviour and my God !

CLI.

THIS WORLD PASSETH.

By Moore. (From the Selection entitled "Sacred Poetry.")

1. **THIS** world is all a fleeting show
For man's * probation given ;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow :
There's nothing true but Heaven.
2. And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even ;
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom
Are blossoms gather'd for the tomb :
There's nothing bright but Heaven.
3. Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven ;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray
Serve but to light the troubled way :
There's nothing calm, but Heaven !

* In the original, " Illusion."

CLII.

ON THE FEAR OF MAN.*Words and Music by Kelly.*

1. **AND** art thou, gracious Master, gone,
A mansion to prepare for me ?
Shall I behold thee on thy throne,
And there for ever sit with thee ?
Then let the world approve or
blame,
I'll triumph in thy glorious name.
2. Should I, to gain this world's applause,
Or to escape its harmless frown,
Refuse to countenance thy cause
And make thy people's lot my own ;
What shame would fill me in that
day,
When thou thy glory wilt display !
3. And what is man, or what his smile,
The terror of his anger what ?
Like grass he flourishes a while,
But soon his place shall know him not.
Thro' fear of such an one, shall I
The Lord of Heaven and Earth
deny ?

4. No! let vain men cast out my name,
And vile account me if they will:
If to confess the Lord be shame,
I purpose to be viler still!
For thee, my God, I all resign,
Content if I can call Thee mine.
5. What transport then shall fill my heart,
When thou my humble name wilt own;
When I shall see thee as thou art,
And know as I myself am known!
From sin and fear and sorrow free,
My soul shall find its rest in Thee.
-

CLIII.

A PRAYER TO OUR LORD.

1. O JESUS, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man, nor angel knows;
Fairest among ten thousand fair!
Ev'n those whom death's sad fetters bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd round
Find light and life, if Thou appear.
2. Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began!

Thou, when th' appointed time was come,
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb,
But, God with God, wert man with man.

3. Lord over all, sent to fulfil
Thy gracious Father's sovereign will,
To thy dread sceptre let us bow !
With child-like reverence at thy feet
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit ;
Speak, Lord : thy servant heareth now !
4. Renew thine image, Lord, in me,
And pure and gentle may I be ;
No charms but these to thee are dear :
A patient, a subdued mind,
That life and all things casts behind,
Implant ; and heaven-born peace be
there.

CLIV.

THE SABBATH.

(Kelly.)

1. SWEET day of rest ! for thee I'd wait,
Emblem and earnest of a state
Where saints are fully blest !
For thee I'd look, for thee I'd sigh,
I'd count the days till thou art nigh,
Sweet day of sacred rest !

2. But oft (with shame I will confess,)
My privilege my burden is,
No joy, alas, have I !
When I would take my harp and sing,
I find it oft without a string,
And lay it coldly by.
3. Yet while I thus confess my shame,
'Tis right that I should praise His name
Who makes me sometimes sing.
Yes, Lord, I speak it to thy praise,
My cheerful song I sometimes raise,
And triumph in my King.
4. O let the case be always so,
My song no interruption know
Till death shall seal my tongue :
In heaven a nobler strain I'll raise,
And rest from every thing but praise ;
My heaven an endless song !

CIV.**CONFESSION.***(H. K. White.)*

1. O LORD my God, in mercy turn,
In mercy hear a sinner mourn !

To

- To thee I call, to thee I cry,
O leave me, leave me not to die !
2. O pleasures past, what are ye now
But thorns about my bleeding brow !
Spectres that hover round my brain,
And aggravate and mock my pain.
3. For pleasure I have given my soul ;
Now, justice, let thy thunders roll :
Now vengeance smile—and with a blow
Lay the rebellious ingrate low.
4. Yet Jesus, Jesus ! there I'll cling,—
I'll crouch beneath his sheltering wing :
I'll clasp the cross, and, holding there,
Even me, oh bliss—His love may spare !
-

CLVI.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.*(Kelly.)*

1. **WHAT** is life ? 'tis but a vapour,
Soon it vanishes away ;
Life is like a dying taper,
O, my soul, why wish to stay ?
Why not spread thy wings and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy ?

2. See that glory, how resplendent,
Brighter far than fancy paints ;
Where, in majesty transcendent,
Jesus reigns, the King of saints !
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
3. Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding,
Tell with rapture of his love ;
Through high heaven his praises sounding,
Filling all the courts above.
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy!

CLVII.

RESIGNATION.*(Edmeston.)*

1. O THOU whose mercy guides my way,
Though now it seems severe,
Forbid my unbelief to say
‘ There is no mercy here !’
2. O grant me to desire the pain
That comes in kindness down,
More than the world’s supremest gain
Succeeded by Thy frown!

Then

3. Then though Thou bend my spirit low,
Love only shall I see :
The very hand that strikes the blow,
Was wounded once for me !
-

CLVIII.

BLESSED BE THY NAME !*(Hogg.)*

1. BLESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou, of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping :
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy name for ever !
2. Thou, who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity.
God of life ! that fade shall never,
Blessed be Thy name for ever.

CLIX.

THE POWER OF GOD.

(From Moore's Sacred Melodies. See "Sacred Poetry.")

1. THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see :
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from Thee :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !
2. When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even ;
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are Thine.
3. When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose
plume
Is sparkling with a thousand eyes ;
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord ! are Thine.
When

4. When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh ;
And every flower the summer wreathes,
Is born beneath that kindling eye :
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are Thine !
-

CLX.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Rev. xxii. 16. " I am the bright and morning Star."

See also Matt. ii. 2 to 11.

(Kirke White.)

1. WHEN, marshal'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.
2. Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
3. Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark
The ocean yawn'd,—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my found'ring bark.

4. Deep horror then my vitals froze,
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;—
 When suddenly a star arose,
 It was the star of Bethlehem !
5. It was my guide, my light, my all,
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
6. Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
 For ever and for evermore,
 The star !—the Star of Bethlehem !

CLXI.

GO LET ME WEEP.

(*Moore's Sacred Melodies*,) See 2 Cor. vii. 10.

1. GO, let me weep ! there's bliss in tears,
 When he who sheds them inly feels
 Some lingering stain of early years
 Effaced by every drop that steals.
 The fruitless showers of worldly woe
 Fall dark to earth, and never rise ;
 While tears that from repentance flow
 In bright exhalation reach the skies.

Leave

2. Leave me to sigh o'er hours that flew
More idly than the summer's wind ;
And, while they passed, some fragrance
threw,
But left no trace of joy behind.
The warmest breath that pleasure heaves
Is cold, is faint, to sighs that swell
The heart where pure repentance grieves
O'er hours of pleasure, loved too well !
-

CLXII.

ON SACRED SORROW.

(*By Moore.*) See Psalm cxlvii. 3.

1. O ! THOU who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee !
The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown ;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But Thou wilt heal the broken heart
Which, (like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,)
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

2. When joy no longer soothes or cheers
 And even the hope that threw
 A moment's sparkle o'er our tears.
 Is dimm'd and vanish'd too ;
 O ! who would bear life's stormy doom,
 Did not Thy wing of love
 Come, brightly wafting through the gloom
 One peace-branch from above !
 Then sorrow, touch'd by Thee, grows
 bright
 With more than rapture's ray ;
 As darkness shews us worlds of light
 We never saw by day !
-

CLXIII.

COMFORT UNDER AFFLICTION.

(*By C. Grant.*—See Heb. iv, 14, 15.)

1. WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
 And days are dark, and friends are few ;
 On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
 Experienced every human pain.
 He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
 And counts and treasures up my tears.

If

2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way ;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do.
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
3. If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well ;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe ;
At once betray'd, denied, or fled
By those who shared his daily bread.

CLXIV.

SECOND PART.

4. WHEN vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies ;
Yet He who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
5. When mourning o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend ;

And from his voice, his hand, his smile
Divides me for a little while ;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

6. And, O ! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last ;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died ;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away !
-

CLXV.

RESIGNATION.

Psalm cxix. 71. (By R. P.)

1. IN trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheer'd my way ;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.
2. The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused ;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.
- The

3. The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven :
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fix'd my heart on heaven.
 4. All-gracious Lord ! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to Thee !
-

CLXVI.

LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

Psalm cxxvi. 5. (*Bowdler.*)

1. CHILDREN of God, who, pacing slow,
Your pilgrim path pursue,
In strength and weakness, joy and woe,
To God's high calling true.
2. Why move ye thus, with lingering tread,
A doubtful, mournful band ?
Why faintly hangs the drooping head ?
Why fails the feeble hand ?
3. Oh ! weak to know a Saviour's power,
To feel a Father's care ;
A moment's toil, a passing shower,
Is all the grief ye share !

4. The Lord of Light, though, veil'd awhile,
He hides his noontide ray,
Shall soon in lovelier beauty smile
To gild the closing day ;
5. And, bursting through the dusky shroud
That dared his power invest,
Ride throned in light o'er every cloud,
And guide you to His rest !

CLXVII.

THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

Psalm 91st. (*By Newton.*)

1. INCARNATE God ! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious power,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.
2. In vain the fowler spreads his net
To draw them from Thy care ;
Thy timely call instructs their feet
To shun the artful snare.
3. When, like a baneful pestilence,
Sin mows its thousands down
On every side, without defence,—
Thy grace secures thine own.

No

4. No midnight terror haunts their bed,
No arrow wounds by day :
Unhurt on serpents they shall tread
If found in duty's way.
5. Angels unseen attend thy saints,
And bear them in their arms ;
Support their spirit when it faints,
And guard their life from harms.
6. Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here ;
But since the Saviour changes not,
What have his saints to fear ?

CLXVIII.

RETROSPECT.

(Noel.)

1. WHEN darkly to the eye of truth
Unfolds the retrospect of youth ;
And sins unnumber'd barb their dart,
And bid it fester in the heart :
2. When jarring passions wound the soul,
Impatient of their wild control ;
And oft the weary spirit bends
To ask the aid religion lends :

3. When memory pours the silent tear,
And seeks the friend who once was near ;—
The kindred friend too quickly fled,
Too early number'd with the dead !
4. O then, by fervent prayer, apply
To Him whose arm brings succour nigh ;
He has himself known sorrow's power,
And shudder'd in the stormy hour.
5. Touch'd with the feeling of thy woe,
He sees the thoughts which sink thee low ;
From climes of bliss bends down His ear,
And all thy anguish deigns to hear.
6. Go then ! address his throne of love ;
There trace thy pardon seal'd above !
There find in Him sweet peace arise,
And mark the Friend who never dies !

CLXIX.

REPENTANCE.

(Doddridge.)

1. RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.

K

O th

2. O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat ;
In these sequester'd hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence meet !
3. Through all the windings of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still it beams unerring dart
Till all be known and purified !
4. Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be called to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God hath fix'd his dwelling there !

CLXX.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

(Cunningham.)

1. DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
When village bells awake the day ;
And, by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.
2. And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord !
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

3. And dear to me the loud Amen,
Which echoes through the blest abode;
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
Dies on the walls, but lives to God !
4. In secret I have often pray'd,
And still the anxious tear would fall ;
But, on Thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.
5. Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's
bands.
And lets my spirits loose again.
6. Then dear to me the Sabbath morn ;
The village bells, the shepherd's voice :
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice !

CLXXI.

THE SCRIPTURES:

(*Cowper*)

O CHILD of sorrow ! be it thine to know
That Scripture only is the cure of woe :

That field of promise ; how it flings abroad
Its perfume o'er the Christian's thorny road !
The soul, reposing on assured relief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song !

CLXXII.

SILENT PRAYER.*(Moore.)*

1. AS down in the sunless retreats of the ocean,
Sweet flowers are springing no mortals
can see ;
So, deep in my soul, the still prayer of
devotion
Unheard by the world, rises silent to THEE !
2. As still to the star of its worship, though
clouded,
The needle points faithfully o'er the dim
sea ;
So, dark as I roam, in this wintry world
shrouded,
The hope of my spirit turns trembling to
THEE !

CLXXIII.

THEY ARE NOT LOST.*276. (Anonymous.)*

1. DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep
And sweet the strain which angels pour:
Oh! why should we in anguish weep?—
They are not lost, but gone before.
2. Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vex'd no more,
Eternal happiness they share;
They are not lost—but gone before.
3. How many painful days on earth
Their fainting spirits number'd o'er!
Now they enjoy a heavenly birth;
They are not lost—but gone before.
4. To Zion's peaceful courts above,
In faith triumphant, may we soar,
Embracing in the arms of love
Those friends not lost—but gone before!
5. And, when to Jordan's bank we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar,
JESUS, convey us safely home
To those not lost—but gone before!

CLXXIV.

PROSPECT OF DEATH.*(Roby.)*

1. HOW joyous will that moment be,
When, first from mortal fetters freed,
This long-known home we willing flee,
And, soaring swift to bliss, we speed !
2. So strange, so sweet, that change will come !
With wonder and with joy to rise
In glory, to the long-lost home
We oft have sought with weeping eyes !
3. The sufferer 'mid his dying strife,
Ne'er felt such balm his soul surprise,
When he who call'd him first to life,
From death's chill couch once bid him rise.
4. Such glowing life or beauty bright
Ne'er on the blind fresh vision broke,
When he who said, ' Let there be light,'
Again that word in mercy spoke.
5. 'Tis still His voice that bids us rise
When death's dark shade hath o'er us
pass'd ;
It is not life, but death that dies,
When the thick shroud is round us cast.

6. Though mortals weep a creature dead,
Yet angels hail a brother born ;
The body sinks to night's dark bed,
The spirit hails an endless morn !
-

CLXXV.

ON THE MILLENNIUM.

(From Moore's Sacred Melodists. See " Sacred Poetry.")

1. BUT who shall see the glorious day,
When, throned on Zion's brow,
The Lord shall rend that veil away
Which blinds the nations now ?
When earth no more beneath the fear
Of His rebuke shall lie ;
When pain shall cease, and every tear
Be wiped from every eye ?
2. Then Judah ! thou no more shalt mourn
Beneath the heathen's chain ;
Thy days of splendour shall return,
And all be new again.
The fount of life shall then be quaff'd,
In peace by all who come,
And every wind that blows shall waft
Some long-lost exile home !

CLXXVI.

ACCESS TO GOD.*(Newton.)*

1. ONE glance of Thine, eternal Lord,
Pierces all nature through :
Nor earth, nor heaven, nor hell afford
A shelter from thy view.
2. The mighty whole, each smaller part,
At once before Thee lies ;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.
3. Though greatly from myself conceal'd,
Thou seest my inward frame ;
To thee I always stand reveal'd
Exactly as I am.
4. Since therefore I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile and black must I appear,
Most holy God, to Thee ?
5. Yet, since my Saviour stands between,—
His garments dyed in blood ;
'Tis He, the Holy One, is seen,
When I approach my God !

6. Thus, though a sinner, I am safe—
He pleads before the throne
His life and death in my behalf;
He made my curse His own.
-

CLXXVII.

THE FLIGHT OF FAITH.

(Moore.—See "*Sacred Poetry*.")

1. THE dove let loose in eastern skies
Returning fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam:
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay;
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.
2. So grant me, God! from earthly care,
From sin and passion free,
Aloft, through faith and love's pure air,
To hold my course to Thee:
No lure to tempt, no art to stay
My soul, as home she springs;
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom on her wings!

THE HEAVENLY TEMPLE.*(Logan.)*

1. WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands ;
A great High Priest our nature wears ;
The Guardian of mankind appears.
He who for men a surety stood,
And pour'd on earth his precious blood,
Pursues in heaven his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the Friend of man.
2. Though now ascended up on high,
He bends to earth a Brother's eye :
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;
And still remembers in the skies,
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
3. In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;
He sympathizes with our grief
And to the sufferer sends relief.
With boldness, therefore, at His throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,

And ask the aids of heavenly power
To help us in the evil hour.

CLXXIX.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

(By the present Bishop of Calcutta.)

1. FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a balmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain
2. What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft on Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn,
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.
3. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high ;

Shall

Shall we, to man benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Hath learn'd Messiah's name.

4. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:—
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign!

CLXXX.

MIRIAM'S SONG.

(From Moore's *Sacred Melodies*.) See Exod. xv. 20. 21.

1. SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's
dark sea:
Jehovah has triumph'd,—his people are
free!
Sing,—for the pride of the tyrant is broken;
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid
and brave:

How vain was their boasting!—the Lord
hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in
the wave.

2. Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord:
His word was our arrow, His breath was
our Sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those shesent out in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath look'd out from His
pillar of glory,*

And all her brave thousands are dash'd in
the tide!

CLXXXI.

DESIRE OF HEAVEN.

(By Kelly.)

1. O, HAD I the wings of a dove,
I would make my escape and be gone;
Would mix with the spirits above
Who encompass yon heavenly throne:
They are far from all danger and fear,
While remembrance enhances their joys;
As the storm, when escaped, will endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.

* See Exod. xiv. 24.

2. But why do I wish to be gone?
Do I want from all danger to flee;
And shall I do nothing for One
Who was once such a sufferer for me?
Oh, Lord, let me think of the day
When thou wast 'rejected of men';
And put the base wish far away,
Nor ever be fearful again!
3. Nor less my perverseness forgive,
That, when ease and prosperity come,
Thy servant is willing to live,
And his exile prefers to his home:
Ah, Lord, what a creature am I!
Sure nothing can heighten my guilt:
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
And make me whatever thou wilt!

CLXXXII.

THE HOUSE OF WOE.

(Eccles. vii. 2—6.) *Music: as 20th Ps. Mel. Sac.*

1. WHILE others crowd the house of mirth,
And haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
Frequent the house of woe.
Better to weep with those who weep,
And share the afflicted's smart,

Than mix with fools in giddy joys
That cheat and wound the heart.

2. When virtuous sorrow clouds the face,
And tears bedim the eye,
The soul is led to solemn thought,
And wafted to the sky.
The wise in heart revisit oft
Grief's dark sequester'd cell:
The thoughtless still with levity
And mirth delight to dwell.

CLXXXIII.

THE CROSS.

(By Newton.) Music, as 10th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. IN evil long I took delight
Unaw'd by shame or fear;
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
2. I saw One hanging on a tree
In agonies and blood,
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.
3. Never until my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;

- It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word he spoke.
4. My conscience felt, and own'd my guilt,
And plunged me in despair :
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there.
5. Alas, I knew not what I did :
But now my tears are vain !
Where can my trembling soul be hid ;
For I the Lord have slain ?
6. Another look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive :
" My blood is for thy ransom shed,
" I die, that thou mayest live !"
7. With pleasing grief, with mournful joy
My spirit now is fill'd ;
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live through Him I kill'd !
-

CLXXXIV.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH.

By Cowper, (Music, Uriel.)

1. O, MOST delightful hour by man
Experienced here below ;

The hour that terminates his span,
His folly, and his woe !

2. Worlds should not bribe me back to tread
Again life's dreary waste :
To see again my day o'erspread
With all the gloomy past.
3. My home henceforth is in the skies :
Earth, seas, and sun, adieu !
All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
I have no sight for you !
4. So speaks the Christian, firm possess'd
Of Faith's supporting rod ;
Then breathes his soul into its rest,
The bosom of his God.

CLXXXV.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

By Cowper. (Music as 58th Psalm, Mcl. Sac.)

1. HE lives, who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside ;
For other source than God is none,
Whence life can be supplied.
2. Can life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above ?

If

3. If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unblest'd
With life that cannot die ;
4. Such want it ; and that want, uncured
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal assured
Of everlasting death.
5. Sad period to a pleasant course !
Yet so will God repay
His laws profaned without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

CLXXXVI.

IN SICKNESS.

By Hartc. (Music, as 123rd Psalm, Mcl. Sac.)

1. WHEN pining sickness wastes the frame;
Acute disease and weak'ning pain :
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man is vain :
Joyless and dark all things appear,
Languid the spirits, weak the flesh :
Medicine can't ease, nor cordials cheer,
Nor food support, nor sleep refresh.
2. Oh ! then to have recourse to God,
To pray to Him in time of need ;

- To feel the balm of Jesu's blood,
 This is to find a Friend indeed.
 O Christian ! this thy happy lot,
 Who cleavest to the Lord by faith ;
 He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
 In pain, in sickness, woes, or death.
3. When flesh and heart decays and fails,
 He will thy strength and portion be ;
 Support thy weakness, bear thy ills,
 And softly whisper, " Trust in me !"
 Himself shall be thy tender Friend,
 Thy kind Physician and thy stay :
 To make thy bed will condescend,
 And chase thy burning tears away.

CLXXXVII.

PRAYER.

By Montgomery. (Music, as 39th Psalm. M. S.)

1. PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unutter'd or express ;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.
 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear :
 The upward looking of the eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer

2. Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try :
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air :
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven by prayer !
3. Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways :
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And say, " Behold, he prays !"
Nor prayer is made on earth alone :—
The Holy Spirit pleads :—
And JESUS, on th' eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.
4. ' O Thou, by whom we come to God,
' The Life, the Truth, the Way ;
' The path of prayer Thyself hast trod :—
' Lord, " teach us how to pray !"

CLXXXVIII.

HABAKKUK, III.

Verse 17, to end. (*Music*, 116th Psalm, M. S.)

1. WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny ;

The labour of the olive fail,
 And fields no meat supply :
 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
 My flock cut off I see ;
 Though famine pine in empty stalls,
 Where herds were wont to be ?

2. Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
 And glory in his love ;
 In him I'll joy, who will the God
 Of my salvation prove.
 God is the treasure of my soul,
 The source of lasting joy ;
 A joy which want shall not impair,
 Nor death itself destroy.

CLXXXIX.

THE DEPARTING SOUL.

By Toplady. (Music, Hotham, as M. S. 4th No. Small.)

1. DEATHLESS principle, arise !
 Soar, thou native of the skies !
 Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
 To His glorious likeness wrought !
 Go, to shine before his throne,
 Deck his mediatorial crown ;

Go, his triumphs to adorn,
Made for God, to God return.

2. Lo, He beckons from on high !
Fearless to His presence fly :
Thine the merit of His blood,
Thine th' eternal love of God !
Angels, joyful to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend ;
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.
3. Is thine earthly house distress ;
Willing to detain its guest ?
'Tis not thou, but it, must die :—
Fly, celestial tenant, fly !
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay ;
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove ;
Swift of wing, and fired with love !
-

CXC.

SECOND PART.

4. SHUDDER not to pass the stream !
Venture all thy care on Him :—
Him, whose dying love and power
Still'd its tossing, hush'd its roar :

Safe is the expanded wave,
 Gentle as a summer's eve :
 Not one object of His care
 Ever suffer'd shipwreck there.

5. See the haven full in view,
 Love Divine shall bear thee through :
 Trust to that propitious gale ;
 Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail !
 Saints, in glory perfect made,
 Wait thy passage through the shade :
 Ardent for thy coming o'er,
 See, they throng the blissful shore !
6. Mount, their transports to improve ;
 Join the longing choir above :
 Swiftly to their wish be given ;
 Kindle higher joy in heaven !—
 Such the prospects that arise
 To the dying Christian's eyes :
 Such the glorious vista Faith
 Opens through the shades of death !

CXCI.

THE LORD IS RISEN.

Words and Music by Kelly. (Luke xxiv. 34.)

1. "THE LORD is risen indeed !"

And are the tidings true ?

Yes :

“ Yes : we beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.”

2. “ The Lord is risen indeed : ”
He lives to die no more :
He lives his people's cause to plead,
Whose guilt and curse he bore.
3. “ The Lord is risen indeed : ”
Attending angels hear ;
And to the courts of heaven, with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.
4. Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord :
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

CXCII.

SECOND PART.

5. “ THE LORD is risen indeed :
Then Justice asks no more :
Mercy and truth are now agreed,
Which stood opposed before.
6. “ The Lord is risen indeed : ”
Then is His work perform'd :
The captive exile now is freed,—
Death of his power disarm'd.

7. " The Lord is risen indeed :
Then hell hath lost his prey :
With Him shall rise the ransom'd seed,
To reign in endless day !
-

CXCIH.

CONSOLATION IN CHRIST.

By Conder. (Music, as Psalm 137th Mel. Sac.)

1. WHEN, in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow ;
And anxious fear, and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust :
When not ev'n friendship's gentle aid
Can heal the wounds the world hath made ;
O, this shall check each rising sigh,
That JESUS is for ever nigh !
2. His counsels and upholding care
My safety and my comfort are :
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown his work of grace.
JESUS ! in whom but thee above
Can I repose my trust,—my love ?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison of Thee ?

My



3. My flesh is hastening to decay ;
Soon shall this world have pass'd away ?
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart and strength and life shall fail ?
But, Oh ! be thou, my Saviour, nigh,
And I will triumph while I die :
My strength, my portion, is Divine,
And Jesus is *for ever* mine !
-

CXCIV.

THE ORPHAN.

By Grahame. (Air as 16th Psalm: Mel. Sac.)

1. UPON my father's new-closed grave
Deep lay the winter's snow ;
Green, now, the grass waves o'er his head,
And tall the tomb-weeds grow.
2. Along life's road no parent's hand
My homeless footsteps led ;
No mother's arm in sickness sooth'd,
Nor raised my throbbing head.
3. But other hearts, Lord ! thou hast warm'd
With tenderness benign ;
And in the stranger's eye I mark
The tear of pity shine.

4. The stranger's hand by thee is moved
To be the orphan's stay ;
And, better far, the stranger's voice
Hath taught me how to pray.
 5. Thou putt'st a new song in our mouth,
A song of praise and joy ;
O may we not our lips alone,
But hearts, in praise employ !
-

CXCIV.

SECOND PART.

6. TO HIM who little children took,
And in his bosom held,
And, blessing them with looks of love,
Their rising fears dispell'd ;
7. To Him, while flowers bloom on the bank,
Or lambs sport on the lea ;
While larks with morning hymns ascend,
Or birds chaunt on the tree :
8. To Him let every creature join
In prayer and thanks and praise :
Infants, their little anthems lisp ;
Age, hallelujahs raise !

CXCVI.

PIETY UNDER TRIALS.

By Caroline Fry. (Music, as 72nd Psalm, Mel. Sac.)

1. GRACE does not steel the faithful heart,
That it should know no ill ;
We learn to kiss the chastening rod,
And feel its sharpness still.
The child of God may oft-time meet
Misfortune's saddest blow ;
His bosom is alive to feel
The keenest pangs of woe.
2. But, ever as each wound is given,
There is a hand unseen
Hasting to wipe away the scar,
And hide where it had been.
Poor Nature, ever weak, will shrink
From the afflictive stroke ;
But Faith disclaims the hasty plaint
Impatient Nature spoke !
3. He knows it is a Father's will,
And therefore must be good ;
Nor would he venture, by a wish,
To change it if he could.

The grateful bosom quickly learns
Its sorrow to disown ;
Yields to HIS pleasure, and forgets
The choice was not its own.

CXCVII.

SECOND PART.

4. THE Christian would not have his lot
Be other than it is ;
For, while his Father rules the world,
He knows that world is His.
He knows that He who gave the best,
Will give him all beside ;
Assured that every good he asks
Is evil, if denied.
5. When clouds of sorrow gather round,
His bosom owns no fear ;
He knows, where'er his portion be,
His God will still be there.
And when the threaten'd storm has burst,
(Whate'er that trial be,)
Something yet whispers him within,
" Be still, for it is He !"

CXCVIII.

FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.*(Air, as 144th Ps. Mel. Sac.)*

Matth. xxvi. 26—29.

1. 'TWAS on that night, when doom'd to know
The scourge of sin, the pangs of woe :
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread :
2. And, after thanks and glory given
To Him that rules in earth and heaven,
That symbol of his flesh he broke,
And thus to all his followers spoke :
3. ' My broken body thus I give
' For you ;—for all :—take, eat, and live :
' And oft the sacred rite renew,
' That brings My wondrous love to view.'
4. Then in his hands the cup He raised,
And God anew he thank'd and praised ;
While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
And from his lips salvation flow'd :
5. ' With love to man this cup is fraught,
' Let all partake the sacred draught ;
' Through latest ages let it pour
' In memory of My dying hour !'

CXCIX.

FOR THE SAME.

*Printed frequently at the end of the Common Prayer-Book.
Air, as 62nd Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. MY God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.
2. Hail, sacred feast, which JESUS makes,
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.
3. O! let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests!
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.
4. Let crowds approach with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend:
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.
5. Receive thy dying churches, Lord!
And bid our drooping graces live;
And more,—that energy afford,
A Saviour's blood alone can give.

CC.

MAN RESTORED.

By Bowdler. (Music, Ascension, See Smith's Collection, No. 550.)

1. "CHILD of Man!" whose seed below
Must fulfil his race of woe;
Heir of want, and doubt, and pain,
Does thy fainting heart complain?
Oh, in thought, one night recal,
The night of grief in Herod's hall!
There who bore the vengeance due,
Freely bore it all for you?
2. "Child of Dust!" corruption's son,
By pride deceived, by pride undone;
Willing captive, yet be free:—
'Come (He saith,) and learn of me!
'I, of heaven and earth the Lord,
'God with God, th' eternal Word,—
'I forsook my Father's side,
'Toil'd and wept, and bled, and died.'
3. "Child of Doubt!" do fears surprise,
Vexing thoughts within thee rise?
Wond'ring, murm'ring, dost thou gaze
On evil men and evil days?

Oh ! if darkness round thee lour,
Darker far His dying hour,
Which bade that fearful cry awake,
“ My God, my God, dost thou forsake ? ”

CCI.

SECOND PART.

4. “ CHILD of Sin ! ” by guilt oppress'd ;
Heaves at last thy throbbing breast ?
Hast thou felt contrition's smart ;
Fearest now thy failing heart ?
Bear thee on, beloved of God :
Tread the path thy Saviour trod !
He the Tempter's power hath known,
He hath pour'd the garden-groan.
5. “ Child of Heaven ! ” by Him restored,
Love thy SAVIOUR, serve thy Lord :
Seal'd with that mysterious name,
Bear thy cross, and scorn the shame !
Then, like Him, thy conflict o'er,
Thou shalt rise to sleep no more :
Partner of His purchased throne,
One in joy, in glory one ! ”

3. O God, our Saviour, in our hearts abide !
Thy blood redeems us, and thy precepts
guide :
In life our Guardian, and in death our
Friend,
Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.
4. And as yon Sun descending rolls away,
To rise in glory on another of day ;
So may we set, our transient being o'er :
So rise in glory on the eternal shore !
-

CCIV.

DEPRESSION.

(*Newton.*) See Job xxix. 2.

1. SWEET was the time when first I felt
My Saviour's pardoning blood
Powerful to cleanse my soul from guilt,
And bring me to my God.
2. Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue ;
And, when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.

3. In prayer my Soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine ;
And, when I read His holy word,
I felt each promise mine.
4. But now, when evening shades prevail,
My soul in darkness mourns ;
And, when the morn her light reveals,
No light to me returns.
5. Now Satan threatens to prevail,
And makes my soul his prey :
Yet, Lord, Thy mercies never fail :
O come without delay !

CCV.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN.

By Montgomery. Music, Ascension, as Hymn 200th.

1. " SPIRIT—leave thine house of clay :
Lingering dust—resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away :
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !"
Thus the gracious Saviour speaks,
While the faithful Christian dies :
While the bonds of life he breaks,
And the ransom'd captive flies !

M

" Prisoner

2. " Prisoner long detain'd below ;
Prisoner now with freedom blest !
Welcome from a world of woe ;
Welcome to a land of rest !"
Thus the herald angels sing,
As they bear the soul on high !
While with hallelujahs ring
All the regions of the sky !
 3. Grave, the guardian of our dust !
Grave, the treasury of the skies !
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise !
Hark ! the judgment trumpet calls !
" Soul—rebuild thy house of clay :—
Immortality thy walls,
And *Eternity* thy day !"
-

CCVI.

TO WHOM SHALL WE GO !

John vi. 68. (Corrected Version.)

Air, Old 139th Psalm, See 36th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. HOW can we e'er from Thee depart,
On whom alone our hopes depend ?
Thou ruling Sov'reign of our heart,
Our Refuge, our Almighty Friend.

2. Depart from Thee?—'tis death,—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
Thy name our inmost powers adore;
Thou art our life, and we Thy care!
3. Whither, ah whither could we go,
Poor wretched wanderers from our Lord?
Could this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
4. Eternal life Thy words impart;
By these our fainting spirits live:
And truer comforts cheer the heart
Than all the stores of nature give.
5. Low at Thy feet we prostrate lie,
Where safety dwells and peace divine:
Still let us live beneath Thine eye,
For life—eternal life is Thine!

CCVII.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

By Logan, principally.—Air, as 4th Psalm, M. S.
(See Job xiv. 1.—15.)

1. FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"And shalt to dust return."

2. Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head :
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.
3. Alas ! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span ;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.
4. Gay is the morning ; flattering hope
His sprightly step attends :
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.
5. Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light :—
A pilgrim in a weary land
Man tarries but a night !
6. [Great God ! afflict not in thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man !]

CCVIII.

SECOND PART.

7. BEHOLD sad emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die;

Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

8. The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain :
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.
9. But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah ! never to return :
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn ?
10. Th' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold ?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
Can raise the human mould ?
11. [Great God ! afflict not,] &c. *as before.*

CCIX.

THIRD PART.

12. THE mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.
13. The days, the years, the ages, past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.

14. [And man, when laid in lonesome grave
Shall sleep, in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.]
15. Guilty and frail, how shall we stand
Before the sovereign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?
16. [Great God! afflict not,] &c. *as before.*

CCX.

FOURTH PART.

17. 'WHERE are our Fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarch's, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enroll'd?'
18. 'Gone to the resting place of man,
The everlasting home;
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.
19. O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
20. Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait Heaven's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When JESUS sets me free!

CCXI.

FUNEREA HYMN.

By Watts.—Music, Matlock, as 74th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. WHY do we mourn departed friends,
Or shrink at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that JESUS sends
To call them to his arms.
2. Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
That keep us from his love.
3. Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
Since there in death the Saviour lay,
And sanctified its gloom.
4. The graves of all his saints be blest,
And soften'd every bed!
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?
5. Thence He arose, ascending high,
And shew'd the Sinner's way.
Up to the Lord we too shall fly
At the last rising day.

CCXII.

SAVIOUR, LEAD US.*Air, Austrian Hymn.*

1. SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us!

Without Thee we cannot go :

Thou from cruel chains hast freed us ;

Thou hast laid the tyrant low.

Let Thy presence

Cheer us all our journey through.

2. Through a desert waste and cheerless

Though our destined journey lie ;

Render'd by Thy presence fearless,

We may every ill defy.

Nought shall move us,

When we see our Saviour nigh.

3. When we halt, no track discov'ring :

Fearful lest we go astray ;

O'er our path Thy pillar hov'ring,

Fire by night and cloud by day,

Shall direct us :

So we shall not miss our way.

4. When we hunger, Thou wilt feed us ;

Manna shall our camp surround :

Faint

Faint and thirsty, Thou wilt heed us;
Streams shall from the rock resound:
Happy people,
Watchful in their Saviour found!

CCXIII.

A PARTING HYMN.

See Numb. vi. 22, 27. *Air, Austrian Hymn.*

1. LORD! dismiss us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with sacred peace;
Let us, each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us
Travelling through this wilderness!
2. Thanks we give and adoration
For thy gospel's joyful sound:
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our alter'd lives abound.
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!
3. So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away;
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons we obey.
May we ever
Reign with Thee in cloudless day!

CCXIV.

THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.*Kelly.*

1. METHINKS I stand upon the rock
Where Balaam stood, and wondering look
Upon the scene below :
The tents of Jacob goodly seem ;
The people happy I esteem,
Whom God has favoured so.
2. Their toils have almost reach'd a close,
And soon they're destined to repose
Within the promised land :
Ev'n now its rising hills are seen
Enrich'd with everlasting green,
Where Israel soon shall stand.
3. O ! Israel, who is like to thee ;
A people saved, and call'd to be
Peculiar to the Lord ?
Thy Shield ! He guards thee from the foe ;
Thy Sword ! He fights thy battles too ;
Himself thy great reward !
4. Sweet hope ! it makes the coward brave ;
It makes a freeman of the slave,
And bids the sluggard rise :
It lifts poor worms of earth on high,
Provides them wings, and makes them fly
To mansions in the skies.

CCXV.

COME, HOLY SPIRIT.*Air, Gosport, Bethesda Collection.*

1. COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let Thy bright beams arise !
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
2. Convince us more of sin ;
And lead to Jesu's blood ;
And clearer to our view reveal
The amazing love of God !
3. 'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul ;
To pour fresh life on every part,
And new create the whole.
4. Revive our drooping faith ;
Our doubts and fears remove ;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
5. Cheer our desponding souls
With visitations sweet :
Give us to lie, with humble hope,
At our Redeemer's feet.

CCXVI.

THE VOICE OF WISDOM.

Prov. i. 20—31. *Air, 53rd Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. IN streets, and openings of the gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heavenly Wisdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud :
2. ‘ How long, ye scorers of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain ?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain ?
3. ‘ The time will come, when humbled low,
In sorrow’s evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
But taught too late, to pray.
4. ‘ When, like a whirlwind, o’er the deep
Comes Desolation’s blast :
Prayers then extorted shall be vain ;
The hour of mercy past !
5. ‘ O turn, at last, at my reproof :
And, in that happy hour,
His bless’d effusions on your heart
My Spirit down shall pour.’

CCXVII.

DARK RIVER OF DEATH.

“How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan.” Jer. xii. 5.

(Words by Edmeston.)

1. DARK river of Death, that is flowing
Between the bright city and me ;
Thou boundest the path I am going,
O, how shall I pass over thee ?
2. When the cold stormy waters rise o'er me,
And earth disappears from my sight ;—
When a cloud rises thickly before me,
And veils all my spirits in night :—
3. When the hands I love dearly are wringing,
The eyes all for me wet with tears ;
The hearts that surround me still clinging,
And I all misgivings and fears :
4. Ere the warmth of that love be departed
That binds us so closely below,
Could I bear to see them broken-hearted,
Nor feel all the stings of their woe ?

N

O DEATH !

5. O DEATH ! thou last portion of sorrow,
The prospect of Heaven is bright ;
And fair is the dawn of its morrow,
But stormy and dreadful thy night !
-

CCXVIII.

SECOND PART.

6. O THOU who hast broken the power
Of this the last victor of men,
Be with me in that solemn hour,
And grant me deliverance then !
7. The glory from Calvary streaming,
May shine o'er the cold sable wave ;
And the faith that is oftentimes beaming
May burst through the gloom of the grave.
8. And peace may shine cloudless above me,
When I think what my Saviour has said ;
THE FATHER HIMSELF deigns to love me,
And Jesus hath died in my stead !
9. With the prospect of meeting for ever,—
With the bright gates of Heaven in view,
From the dearest on earth I could sever,
And smile a delighted adieu !

CCXIX.

WHY THOSE FEARS?

(*Words and Music by Kelly*—See Mat. viii. 24—28.)

1. WHY those fears?—behold, 'tis JESUS,
Holds the helm, and guides the ship:
Spread the sails, and catch the breezes
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep!
2. Could we stay where death was hovering;
Could we rest on such a shore?
No:—the awful truth discovering,
We could linger there no more:
We forsake it,
Leaving all we loved before.
3. Led by Him, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him, the storms defy:
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that the Lord is nigh!
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

4. Render'd safe by His protection,
 We shall pass the watery waste:
 Trusting to His wise direction,
 We shall gain the port at last;
 And with wonder
 Think on toils and dangers past.
5. O, what pleasures there await us!
 There the tempests cease to roar:
 There, sweet promise! men who hate us
 Can molest our peace no more.
 Trouble ceases
 On that tranquil, happy shore.
-

CCXX.

TRUST IN GOD.

Isaiah xl. 27, to the end.

(Air, Kildare, as 15th Ps. Collection of 50 Psalms.

1. WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxious plaint,
 Despairing of relief;
 As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
 And did not heed thy grief?
2. Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
 That firm remains on high
 The everlasting throne of Him
 Who form'd the earth and sky?

3. Art thou afraid His power shall fail,
When comes thy evil day :
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay ?
 4. Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of ages stands ;
Though Him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of His hands.
 5. He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
-

CCXXI.

SECOND PART.

6. MERE human power shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease ;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
7. They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

On

8. On eagle-wings they mount, they soar,—
On wings of faith and love :
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.
-

CCXXII.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

By Doddridge (partly.) Heb. xii. 1.—13.

Air, as 56th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on !
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
2. What clouds of witnesses unseen
Encompass us around ;
Men, once like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd ! . . .
3. Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Pursue the Christian race,
And, freed from each encumbering weight,
Their holy footsteps trace.
4. Behold a witness nobler still,
Affliction's path who trod ;
JESUS, our Leader and Reward,
Our Saviour and our God !

5. He for the joy before Him set,
 (So boundless was His love!)
 Endured the cross, despised the shame,
 And now He reigns above.
6. Bless'd Saviour, introduced by thee
 Have I my race begun;
 And, crown'd with victory, at Thy feet,
 I'll lay my honors down!

CCXXIII.

LORD SAVE ME.

1 Pet. iv. 18. *Words by C. Wesley.*

Music, "Come O thou Traveller," Mel. Sac. 4th No. small.

1. **WHEN** all Thy waves and storms are past,
 Shall I, shall I, be saved at last?—
 Then let my God conceal His face,
 Withhold the comforts of His grace,
 Leave me in doubt, in darkness leave;
 But at my latest hour forgive!
2. Deliver from the wrath to come,
 And scourge me, Saviour! to the tomb:
 I to thy righteous will submit,
 And weep unanswer'd at Thy feet:
 But, when my dying head I bow,
 Assure me then Thou heard'st me now!

CCXXIV.

FROM FAR I SEE.

(By Kelly.) Isaiah lxvi. 6.

1. FROM far I see the glorious day,
When He who bore our sins away,
Will all his majesty display.
2. "A man of sorrows" once he was;
No friend was found to plead his cause,
For all preferr'd this world's applause.
3. He groan'd beneath sin's awful load:
For in the sinner's place he stood,
And died to bring us back to God.
4. To few on earth his name is dear;
And they who in his cause appear,
The world's reproach and scorn must bear.
- 5 But yet there is a day to come,
When he will seal the sinners' doom,
And take his mourning people home.
6. JESUS!—Thy name is all my boast;
And, though by waves of trouble tost,
Thou wilt not let my soul be lost.

7. Come, Lord, come quickly from above,
My soul, impatient, longs to prove
The depths of everlasting love !
-

CCXXV.

SPARED A LITTLE LONGER.

(Words and Music by Kelly.) 1 Pet. i. 5.

1. SPARED a little longer,
May our souls grow stronger
To maintain the arduous fight of faith.
2. Hearts we have deceitful,
Treacherous and ungrateful ;
Yet our gracious Lord his people spares.
3. Pilgrims here and strangers,
Who can tell their dangers ?
But our Lord will save us from them all.
4. Dearly He hath bought us,
Hitherto hath brought us,
And will lead us to Himself at last.
5. By His eye directed,
By His arm protected,
We shall reach the presence of our God !

CCXXVI.

MY SAVIOUR.

(*By Kelly.*) 2 Samuel xxii. 3.

1. IN form I long had bow'd the knee ;
But nought attractive could I see,
To win my wayward heart to thee
My Saviour !
2. Yet often trembled when I thought
How I had sold myself for nought ;
But still against thy love I fought,
My Saviour !
3. When self-accused I trembling stood,
I promised fair, as any could ;
But never sought thy pardoning blood.
My Saviour !
4. Too soon each promise vain I proved,
The sinner makes while sin is loved ;
For still to Thee my heart ne'er moved,
My Saviour !
5. To pleasure prone, I thought it hard
From pleasure's path to be debarr'd ;
Nor pleasure sought from thy regard,
My Saviour !

6. At length, despairing to be free,
 A willing slave I meant to be :
 'Twas then thou didst appear to me,
 My Saviour !
7. Thou, whom I had so long withstood,
 Thou didst redeem me by Thy blood ;
 And thou hast brought me nigh to God,
 My Saviour !
8. Thro' storms and waves of conflict past,
 Thy present arm hath held me fast ;
 And thou wilt save me to the last,
 My Saviour !
9. And when this stormy life is o'er ;
 I hope to reach the heavenly shore,
 And never grieve Thy goodness more.
 My Saviour !

CCXXVII.

SPRING.

(Words by Newton. Air by Rossini.)

1. PLEASING spring again is here !
 Trees and fields in bloom appear :
 Hark ! the birds, with artless lays,
 Warble their Creator's praise.
 Where in winter all was snow,
 Now the flowers in clusters grow ;
 And

And the corn, in green array,
Promises a harvest-day.

2. Lord, afford a spring to me :
Let me feel like what I see !
How the soul in winter mourns
Till the Lord, her SUN, returns !
O, beloved Saviour ! haste, ,
Tell me all my storms are past ;
Speak, and by Thy gracious voice
Make my drooping soul rejoice.
3. Lord ! I long to be at home
Where these changes never come :
Where the blest no winter fear ;
Where 'tis Spring throughout the year.
How unlike this state below !—
There the flowers unwithering blow ;
There no chilling blasts annoy ;
All is love and bloom and joy !
-

CCXXVIII.

SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

(See Psalm cxix. 71, 72, 59.)

Words by Newton. Air, as 40th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. O, **HOW** I love Thy holy word,
Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !

It guides me in the peaceful way ;
 I think upon it all the day.
 What are the mines of shining wealth,
 The strength of youth, the bloom of health ;
 What are *all* joys compared with those
 Thine everlasting word bestows?
Hallelujah.

CCXXIX.

SECOND PART.

Air, as 43rd Psalm, Mel. Sac.

3. LONG unafflicted, undismay'd
 In pleasure's path secure I stray'd :
 Thou madest me feel Thy chastening rod,
 And straight I turn'd unto my God.
4. Much though it pierced my fainting heart,
 I bless'd the hand that caused the smart :
 It taught my tears awhile to flow,
 But saved me from eternal woe.
5. O ! hadst Thou left me unchastised,
 Thy precept I had still despised ;
 And still the snare, in secret laid,
 Had my unwary feet betray'd.
6. I love thee therefore,—O my God,
 And breath towards Thy bright abode !
 Where, in thy presence fully blest,
 Near THEE at length I hope to rest.

CCXXX.

JOY AND REVERSE.*(Newton.)*

1. **THOUGH** the morn may be serene,
Not a threat'ning cloud be seen ;
Who can undertake to say
What may happen through the day ?
Tempests suddenly may rise,
Darkness over-spread the skies ;
Lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
Ere one shortlived day be o'er !
2. Often thus the child of grace
Enters on his Christian race :
Guilt and fear are overborne ;
'Tis with him a summer's morn :—
While his new-felt joys abound,
All things seem to smile around ;
And he hopes it will be fair
All the day and all the year.
3. Should we warn him of a change,
He would deem our caution strange ;
He no change or trouble fears,
Till the gathering storm appears :
Till dark clouds his Sun conceal,
Till temptation's power he feel :

—Ah ! what heartfelt peace and joy
Unexpected storms destroy !

4. But, the wonder-working Lord
Sooths the tempest by His word ;
Stills the thunder, stops the rain,
And his Sun breaks forth again.
Soon again, the cloud returns,—
Now he joys, and now he mourns :
Oft the sky is overcast,
Till his day of life is past.
5. LORD and SAVIOUR ! call us soon
To thy high eternal noon :
Never there shall tempest rise
To conceal Thee from our eyes :
Satan shall no more deceive ;
We no more Thy Spirit grieve :
But through cloudless, endless days,
Sound, to golden harps, Thy praise !

CCXXXI.

MERCY.

(*Words by Scott,*)

1. I HEAR the voice of woe :
A brother mortal mourns :

Mine

Mine eye, with tear for tear o'erflow ;
My heart his sigh return !

2. I hear the thirsty cry ;
The famish'd beg for bread :
O ! let my spring its streams supply,
My heart its bounty shed.
3. And shall not wrath relent
Touch'd by that humble strain,
My brother crying, " I repent,
Nor will offend again ? "
4. How else, on ardent wing,
Can hope bear high my prayer,
Up to thy throne, my God, my king,
To plead for mercy there ?

CCXXXII.

WAITING AT WISDOM'S GATES.

(*Newton.*) See Prov. viii. 24.

*Air, as the Hymn, " O Thou the wretched's sure retreat."
Magdalen Asylum Collection.*

1. ENSNARED too long my heart hath been
In folly's hurtful ways
O, may I now at length begin
To hear what wisdom says

2. Approach, my soul, to Wisdom's gates,
While it is call'd to-day :
No one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turn'd away.
3. Lord ! I have hated Thee too long
And dared Thee to thy face :
Have done my soul exceeding wrong
In slighting all Thy grace.
4. Now I would break my yoke with death
And live to Thee alone :
O, let thy Spirit's seal of faith
Secure me for Thine own !
5. Let all thy saints assembled here,
Yea, let all Heaven rejoice,
That I begin with this new year
To make Thee, Lord, my choice.

CCXXXIII.

THE SIN OF THE SOUL.

(*Newton.*) *Music, as 74th Ps. Mel. Sac.*

See Matt. ix. 12.

- 1 **PHYSICIAN** of the sin-sick soul,
To Thee I bring my case :
My raging malady controul,
And heal me by Thy grace.

I would

- I would disclose my whole complaint
 But where shall I begin?
 No words of mine can fully paint,
 That worst distemper, Sin.
2. It lies not in a single part,
 But through my frame is spread;
 A burning fever in my heart,
 A palsy in my head.
 It overclouds, and fills my mind
 With folly, fear, and shame:
 It makes me dumb, and deaf, and blind,
 And impotent and lame.
3. A thousand evil thoughts obtrude
 Tumultuous in my breast;
 Which indispose to every good
 And rob me of my rest.
 Lord, I am sick:—regard my cry
 And set my spirit free:
 Say, wilt Thou let a sinner die
 Who longs to live to Thee?

CCXXXIV.

THE DIVINE PROTECTION.

(By Addison.) Air, as 20th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. **HOW** are thy servants bless'd, O Lord!
 How sure is their defence!

- Eternal wisdom is their guide ;
Their help, Omnipotence.
In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt ;
And breathed in tainted air.
2. In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise Thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be :
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee!
-

CCXXXV.

SECOND PART.

3. THINK, O my Soul ! devoutly think
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou sawest the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise.
Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear on every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet

4. Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !
 Thy mercy set me free ;
 Whilst, in the confidence of prayer
 My soul took hold on Thee :
 For though in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
5. The storm was laid, the winds retired
 Obedient to Thy will :
 The sea, that roar'd at Thy command,
 At Thy command was still.
 [In midst of dangers,] &c. *as before.*

CCXXXVI.

THE EFFORT.*(By Newton.)*

1. HOPE still, my Soul ! there is a mercy-seat
 Sprinkled with blood, where JESUS an-
 swers prayer :
 There humbly cast thyself before His feet,
 For never needy sinner perish'd there.
2. LORD ! I am come : Thy promise is my plea :
 Without Thy word I durst not venture near :
 But Thou hast call'd the burthen'd soul to
 Thee ;—
 A weary burthen'd soul, O Lord, is here !

3. Bow'd down beneath the heaviest weight
of sin,
By Satan's fierce temptations sorely press'd ;
Beset without, and full of fears within,
Trembling and faint, I've come to Thee
for rest.
4. Be Thou my refuge, Lord ! my hiding-place ;
I know no force can tear me from Thy side :
Unmoved I then may all accusers face,
And answer every charge with—" JESUS
DIED !"
5. Yes, Thou didst weep and bleed and groan
and die ;
Well hast Thou known what fierce tempta-
tions mean ;
Such was Thy love !—and now, enthroned
on high,
The same compassions in Thy nature reign !

CCXXXVII.

THE RISING LIGHT.

*(By Cowper.) See Psalm 130th.
Air, as 130th Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. MY former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins ;

I feel,

- I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
2. Ah ! whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar :
The Law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
3. When I review my ways
I dread impending doom :
Yet hear !—a friendly whisper says
“ Flee from the wrath to come.”
4. I see, or think I see
A glimmering from afar !
A beam of day that shines for me
To save me from despair.
5. Fore-runner of the Sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way :
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising Day !
-

CCXXXVIII.

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.*(Newton.) Music, Arne.*

1. SINNER ! art thou then secure ?
Dost thou still refuse to pray ?

- Shall thy heart or hands endure
 In the LORD's avenging day ?
 See, the Almighty arm is bared ;
 Clouds of terror clothe His brow !
 For His judgment stand prepared ;
 Thou must either break or bow.
2. At His presence nature shakes,
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee ;
 Massive mountains melt like wax ;
 What will then become of thee ?—
 Who his advent may abide ?—
 You, who glory in your shame,
 Shall you find a place to hide
 When the world is wrapt in flame ?

 CCXXXIX.

SECOND PART.

3. THEN the guilty great, or wise,
 Trembling, conscious, self-condemn'd,
 Must behold the wrathful eyes
 Of the Judge they once blasphemed.
 —LORD ! prepare us by Thy grace !
 Soon we must resign this breath,
 And our souls be call'd to pass
 Through the iron gates of death.

Let

4. Let us now our day improve,
Hearken to Thy warning voice;
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn this World's delusive joys.
So, when heart and flesh shall fail,
Let Thy love our spirit cheer :
Strengthen'd thus we shall prevail
Over Satan, death and fear !
-

CCXL.

SUBMISSION.*(Words by Cowper.)**Air, as 90th Psalm, Mel. Sac.*

1. O LORD ! my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and pleasure to Thy will,
And make Thy pleasure mine.
2. Why should I shrink at Thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?
3. No,—rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to Thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4. Thy favour all my journey through
 Thou dost engage to grant :
 What else I want, or think I do,
 'Tis better still to want.
5. Wisdom and mercy guide my way :
 Shall I resist them both ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And crush'd before the moth !
-

CCXLI.

PROVIDENCE AND GRACE.

(By Cowper.) Air, Evening Hymn.

1. ALMIGHTY KING ; whose wond'rous
 hand
 Supports the skies, the sea, the land ;
 Whose grace is such a boundless store,
 No heart shall break that sighs for more !
2. Thy Providence supplies our food,
 And 'tis Thy blessing makes it good ;
 My soul is nourish'd by Thy word ;
 Let soul and body bless the LORD !

o

My

3. My streams of outward comfort came
From Him who built this wondrous frame:
Whate'er I want His bounty gives
By whom my soul for ever lives.
4. Either His hand preserves from pain,
Or, if I feel it, heals again ;
From Satan's malice shields the breast,
Or over-rules it for the best.
5. Forgive these songs which fall so low
Beneath the gratitude we owe :
They mean Thy praise, however poor:—
An Angel's songs can do no more!

CCXLII.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Words by Roscommon. Air, Luther's Hymn.

1. THE last loud trumpet's wondrous sound
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground :
Nature and death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes!
2. Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred, mystic book be read,

To try the living and the dead :
 The JUDGE ascends his awful throne :
 He makes each secret sin be known,
 And all with shame confess their own.

3. Thou mighty, formidable King,
 Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
 Some comfortable pity bring !
 * Forget not what my ransom cost,
 Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost,
 In storms of guilty terror tost !

CCXLIII.

SECOND PART.

4. THOU, who for me didst feel such pain ;
 Whose precious blood the cross did stain,
 Let not those agonies be vain !
 Thou whom avenging powers obey,
 Absolve my debt (too great to pay)
 Before the last accounting day.
5. Surrounded with amazing fears,
 Whose weight my soul with anguish bears,
 I sigh, I weep,—accept my tears :
 Prostrate, my contrite heart I rend ;—
 My God ! my Father ! and my Friend !
 Do not forsake me in my end.

CCXLIV.

THE ETERNAL MONARCH.

(Words by H. K. White.)

1. THE Lord our God is full of might,
The winds obey his will :
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
2. Rebel ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar,
The Lord uplifts His awful hand
And chains you to the shore.
3. Howl, winds of night, your force combine :
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.
4. His voice sublime is heard afar,
In the distant peal it dies,
He yokes the whirlwinds to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5. Ye nations bend, in reverence bend,
Ye monarchs, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate THE GOD !
-

CCXLV.

SECOND PART.

1. THE LORD our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find ?
I hear Him in the waterfall !
I hear Him in the wind !
2. If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly ;
I see Him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.
3. He lives, he reigns in every land ;
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.
4. He smiles, we live :—He frowns, we die :—
We hang upon His word :
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bathes His sword.

CCXLVI.

VISITATIONS FORGOTTEN.

Words by Comper. Music, Ascension.

1. HE who sits from day to day
Where the prison'd lark is hung,
Heedless of his loudest lay,
Hardly knows that he has sung.
Visitations daily come,
Publishing to all aloud,
' Soon the grave must be your home,
' Yours the garb of death—a shroud.
2. But the monitory strain,
Oft repeated in our ears,
Sounds alas! too much in vain;
Wins no notice, wakes no fears:
Pleasure's call attention wins,
Hear it often as we may;
New as ever seem our sins,
Though committed every day.
3. Death and judgment, Heaven and Hell,—
These alone, so often heard,
No more move us than the bell
When some stranger is interr'd.

O then, ere the turf or tomb
Cover us from every eye,
Spirit of Instruction, come ;
Make us learn that we must die !

CCXLVII.

THE REPOSE OF DEATH.

Words by C. Wesley. Music, Zion.

1. HOW blest is the Christian, bereft
Of all that could burthen his mind :
How easy the soul that hath left
This wearisome body behind !
Of evil incapable thou,
Whose relics with envy I see ;
No longer in misery bound,
No longer a sinner like me.
2. This earth is affected no more
With sickness, or shaken with pain :
The war in thy members is o'er,
And never shall vex thee again :
No anger, henceforward, nor shame
Shall redden this innocent clay,
Extinct is the animal flame,
And passion is vanish'd away.
3. [To mourn and suffer] &c. *as in next page.*

HYMNS AND
CCXLVIII.

SECOND PART.

4. THIS languishing head is at rest,
It's thinking and aching are o'er ;
This quiet immoveable breast
Is heaved by affliction no more :
This heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain ;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again.
5. The lids he so seldom could close,
(By sorrow forbidden to sleep,)
Seal'd up in unbroken repose,
Have strangely forgotten to weep :
The fountains can yield no supplies,
Their dim orbs from water are free ;
The tears are all wiped from those eyes,
And evil they never shall see.
6. To mourn and suffer is mine,
While bound in this prison I breathe ;
And still for deliverance pine,
And press to the issues of death.—
What now with my tears I bedew,
Prepare me, great God ! to become :
My spirit created anew
Ere I am consign'd to the tomb !

CCXLIX.

AN ALARM.*(Newton) Music, Clark's.*

1. STOP, poor sinner ! stop and think,
Before you further go ;
Will you play upon the brink
Of everlasting woe ?
Stop ! be yet intreated,—stop :
For, unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you drop
Into the burning lake !
2. Say, have you an arm like God,
That you His will oppose ?
Fear you not the iron rod
With which He strikes His foes ?
Can you stand in that dread day
When He judgment will proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away
' Like wax before the flame ?'
3. Pale-faced death must quickly come
To draw you to His bar :
Then, to hear your awful doom
Must fill you with despair !
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of deep ensanguined dye ;

Each

Each for vengeance crying loud,
And what can you reply?

4. But as yet there is a hope!
You may His mercy know;
Though His arm is lifted up
He still forbears the blow!
T'was for sinners JESUS died;
Sinners HE invites to come:
None who come shall be denied;
He says, "there still is room".*
-

* Luke xiv. 22.

CCL.

CALVARY.

(Words by Pitt.)

1. A MINGLED sound from Calvary I hear,
And the loud tumults thicken on my ear:
The shouts of murderers that insult the
slain;
The voice of torment, and the shrieks of
pain!
2. The Saviour's wide extended arms I see,
Transfix'd with nails and fastened to the
tree;
I see my King with purple cover'd round,
His own rich blood that streams from
every wound.

3. I see with grief the thorny circle red ;
 The guilty wreath that blushes round His
 head :
 And with what rage the bloody scourge
 applied,
 Curls round His limbs, and ploughs his
 sacred side.
4. At such a sight let all my anguish rise ;
 Break up, break up, ye fountains of mine
 eyes !
 Here let my tears in gushing torrents flow :
 Here would I pause, and give a loose to
 woe !
5. While such a spectacle of woe appears,
 Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood
 of tears ;
 Canst thou, ungrateful Man ! His torment
 see,
 Nor weep for Him who shed his blood for
 thee ?

CCLI.

SUFFERING.

(Words by Cowper. Air, as 62nd Ps. Mel. Sac.)

1. LORD ! who hast suffer'd all for me
 My peace and pardon to procure,

The

The lighter cross I bear for Thee
Help me with patience to endure.

2. Let me not angrily declare
No pain was ever sharp like mine;
Nor murmur at the cross I bear,
But rather weep, remembering THINE!

CCLII.

HYMN TO JESUS.

Music, by Rev. Mr. Madden; 4th No. Mel. Sac. (small.)

1. JESU! Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past!
Safe into the haven guide,
And receive my soul at last.
2. Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust is on Thee stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!

3. Plenteous grace with Thee is found ;
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing stream abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 THOU of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of THEE :
 Let Thy peace, within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity !
-

CCLIII.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

*Words by the King of Prussia,
 (Translated by Hawkerworth.)*

1. YET a few years, or days perhaps,
 Or moments, pass in silent lapse,
 And time to me shall be no more :
 No more the sun these eyes shall view ;
 Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew ;
 And life's fantastic dream be o'er.
2. Alas, I touch the dreadful brink !
 From nature's verge impell'd, I sink,
 And gloomy darkness wraps me round :
 Yes,—death is ever at my hand ;
 Fast by my bed he takes his stand ;
 And constant at my board is found.

P

But

3. But then, this spark that warms, that guides,
That lives, that thinks,—what fate be-tides?
Can this be dust ;—a kneaded clod !
This yield to death ?—the soul, the mind,
That measures heaven, and mounts the
wind ;
That knows at once itself and God ?
4. Great Cause of all, above, below !
Who knows Thee, must for ever know
Thou art immortal and Divine :
Thine image, on my soul imprest,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine !
5. Transporting thought !—but am I sure
Eternity will joy secure ;
Joys only to the just decreed ?—
Th' obdurate wretch, expiring, goes
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
That endless misery may succeed !

CCLIV.

**HOW BEAUTIFUL ON THE
MOUNTAINS.**

(Isaiah lii. 7. &c. &c.)

(Anonymous.) Music, as 50th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. SWEET as the shepherd's tuneful reed,
From Sion's mount I heard the sound :

Gay sprang the flow'rets of the mead,
 And gladden'd nature smiled around.
 The voice of peace salutes mine ear :
 MESSIAH'S voice floats through the air !

2. Peace! troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
 Hath taught these rocks the note of woe:
 Cease thy complaint ; suppress thy groan ;
 And let thy tears forget to flow :
 Behold, the precious balm is found,
 Which lulls thy pain ; which heals thy
 wound.

CCLV.

SECOND PART.

3. COME, freely come; by sin oppress'd,
 Unburthen here the weighty load :
 Here find thy refuge and thy rest,
 Safe in the bosom of thy God :
 God is thy Saviour :—glorious word !
 Sheathed is th' avenging angel's sword.
- As spring the winter, day the night,
 Peace sorrow's gloom shall chase away :
 And smiling joy, a seraph bright,
 Shall tend thy steps and near thee stay ;
 While glory weaves th' immortal crown,
 And waits to claim thee for her own.

CCLVI.

A MORNING HYMN.

Words by Hawkesworth. Air, as 14th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. IN Sleep's serene oblivion laid,
 I safely pass'd the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
 I drink again the morning light.
2. New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice TO BE :
My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God! to thee.
3. Guide me throughout the various maze,
 My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 Where dangers press around my head.
4. A deeper shade shall soon impend ;
 A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress :
Yet then thy strength can still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
5. That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light doth give eternal day ;—
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies !

CCLVII.

ON PROVIDENCE.

(By Addison.) Air, as 146th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

1. WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys ;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
3. To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
4. Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.
5. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
6. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way ;

And

And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7. O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But Thou canst read it there.
-

CCLVIII.

SECOND PART.

8. WHEN worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
9. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
10. Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise:
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.
11. When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more;
My ever grateful heart, O Lord!
Thy mercy shall adore,

CCLIX.

ON THE JUDGMENT.*Music, as in 4th No. Mch. Sac. small.*

1. **LO ! HE** comes, with clouds descending ;
Once for favoured sinners slain !
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of His train :
Hallelujah !
God appears on earth to reign.
2. Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty :
Those who set at nought and sold Him,
Pierced, and nail'd him to the tree ;
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH see.
3. Every island, sea, and mountain,
Heaven, and earth, shall flee away :
All who hate him must, confounded,
Hear the trump proclaim the day ;
“ Come to judgment !
“ Come to judgment ! come away.”
4. Now redemption, long expected,
See, in solemn pomp appear !

All

All His saints, by man rejected,
Crowd to meet Him in the air.

Hallelujah !

See the day of God appear.

CCLX.

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

(From the Ordination Service.) Music, as 270th Hymn.

1. COME, HOLY GHOST ! our souls inspire
And lighten with celestial fire.
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart ;
Thy blessed unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love !
2. Enable, with perpetual light,
The dulness of our blinded sight :
Anoint and cheer our soiled face
With the abundance of Thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home :
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
3. Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, (of Both,) to be but One :
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song ;
“ Praise to Thy eternal merit,
“ FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT ! ”

CCLXI.

JOYS OF RELIGION.

By Dr. Watts. Air, Uriel, see 4th No. Mel. Sac. small.

1. MY GOD ! the spring of all my joys ;
The life of my delights :
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
2. In darkest shades if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun :
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And Thou my rising sun.
3. The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If JESUS shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.
4. My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word :
Run up, with joy, the shining way,
To see, and praise my LORD.
5. Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe !
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

CCLXII.

LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

*By Dr. Herrick, Rector of Dean Prior, in Devonshire.
in the time of Charles II. (Corrected.)*

1. IN the hour of my distress,
When the fears of death oppress,
And when I my sins confess ;
Sweet Spirit ! comfort me !
2. When (God knows) I'm toss'd about
Either with despair or doubt ;
Yet, before my glass is out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
3. When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head ;
And with doubts discomfited ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
4. When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
5. When the tempter me pursu' th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth ;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me !

CCLXIII.

SECOND PART.

6. WHEN my weakness would persuade
To distrust my Saviour's aid,
On whom mighty help was laid;
Sweet Spirit! comfort me.
7. When the passing bell doth toll,
Signal of the parting soul;
Thou, who only canst console,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
8. When the tapers round burn blue,
And my comforters are few;
Yet that number more than true:
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
9. When the priest his last hath pray'd,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decay'd;—
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.
10. When the judgment is reveal'd,
And that open'd which was seal'd:
When to Thee I have appeal'd;
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

CCLXIV.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

Words by the late Rev. James Whitelaw.

Music, as 25th Hymn.

1. WHILE in the east yon cheering ray,
Chasing the shades of night away,
Invites a world, refresh'd, to raise
Its orison of prayer and praise ;
2. May Faith behold, with wondering eyes,
A far more radiant SUN arise :
The glorious Day-Spring from on high,
That cheers the sin-benighted eye.
3. Raptured, I hail that grateful light
That fears no cloud, that knows no night !
Sweet hope, and peace, and joy it brings,
With heavenly healing on its wings.
4. —LORD ! pour thy vivifying light
O'er error's gloom, o'er nature's night :
Till each dark soul illumined be ;
And every eye Thy glory see.
5. Oh ! may its love-inspiring ray
Through sin and folly guide my way ;
And gild, when I resign this breath,
The vale, the shadowy vale of DEATH !

CCLXV.

THE GLORY OF MAN.

“Is as the flower of grass.” 1st Peter, 1, 24.

Words by C. Wesley. Music, as 32nd Ps. Mcl. Sac.

1. THE Morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold :
As careless of the noontide heats ;
As fearless of the evening cold.
2. Nipt by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's directer ray ;
Their momentary glories waste :
Their short-lived beauties die away !
3. So blooms the human face divine :—
While youth its pride of beauty shows,
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the virgin rose.
4. Or worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day ;
The fading glory disappears :
The short-lived beauties die away.
5. Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine :—
Revive, with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline,

Let

6. Let sickness blast, let death devour,
If HEAVEN will recompence our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the WORD OF GOD remains!
-

CCLXVI.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

(Air, Henbury.)

1. RISE, my soul ; and stretch thy wings !
Thy better portion trace :
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon this earth remove :
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above !
2. Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course :
Fire ascending, seeks the sun :
Both speed them to their source.
Thus a soul new-born of God
Pants to view His glorious face :
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace.

3. Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn :
Press onward to the prize :
Soon your Saviour will return
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and, you know,
Happy entrance will be given :
All your sorrows left below ;
And EARTH exchanged for HEAVEN !
-

CCLXVII.

**HUNDRED & TWENTY-SECOND
PSALM.**

(By Dr. Watts.) Music, from Bethesda Collection.

1. HOW pleased, how bless'd was I
To hear the people cry,
" Come, let us seek our God to-day !"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal
We haste to Zion's hill ;
And there our vows and honors pay.
2. Zion, thrice happy place ;
Adorn'd with wond'rous grace !
Thee walls of strength encompass round :
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

May

3. May peace attend thy gate ;
And joy within thee wait,
To hail the soul of every guest.
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest !

4. My tongue repeats her vows ;
“ Peace to this sacred house,”
For there my friends and kindred dwell :
And, since my glorious God
Makes thee His blest abode,
My soul shall ever wish thee well.

CCLXVIII.

THE SPIRITUAL PILGRIM.

Words by C. Wesley. Music, as 97th Hymn.

1. HOW happy is the pilgrim's lot ;
How free from anxious care and thought ;
From worldly hope and fear !
Confined to neither court nor cell,
His soul disdains on earth to dwell :
He only sojourns here.
2. This happiness in part is mine ;
Already saved from low design ;—
From every creature-love :

Bless'd with the scorn of finite good,
My soul is lighten'd of its load,
And seeks the things above.

CCLXIX.

SECOND PART.

3. THE things eternal I pursue ;
And happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen :—
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean
I neither have nor want.
4. Nothing on earth I call my own :
A stranger, to the world unknown,
I all their goods despise :
I trample on their whole delight,
And seek a country out of sight ;
A country in the skies.
5. *There* is my house and portion fair :
My treasure and my heart are there ;
And my abiding home.
For me my elder brethren stay ;
And angels beckon me away ;
And JESUS bids me come.

CCLXX.

**JACOB WRESTLING WITH A
HEAVENLY BEING.**

See Gen. xxxii. 24. &c. compared with Luke vi. 12,
and xxii. 41—45.

“ Jacob asked him, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name.”
Words by C. Wesley. Music, as in 4th No. small Mel. Sac.

1. COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see !
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee :
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
2. I need not tell thee who I am ;—
My misery and sin declare :
THYSELF wilt call me by my name :
Look on thy hands,* and read it there !
But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
3. In vain thou strugglest to get free :
I never will unloose my hold !
Art thou the Man that died for me ?
The secret of thy love unfold.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.

* Alluding to the marks of the nails in the hands of our Lord.
See John xx. 25—29.

4. Yield to me now, for I am weak ;
 Yet confident in self despair :
 Speak to my soul ; in blessings speak ;
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
 Speak, or thou never hence shalt move ;
 And tell me if thy name is LOVE ?
5. 'Tis LOVE ! 'tis LOVE ! Thou diedst for me ;
 I know Thy whisper in my heart :
 The morning breaks,—the shadows flee :
 Pure, universal Love Thou art !
 Nor have I power from thee to move :
 Thy nature and Thy name is LOVE.

CCLXXI.

SECOND PART.

6. MY PRAYER hath power with God :—
 the grace
 Unspeakable I now receive,
 Through faith to see Him face to face :—
 I see Thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove :—
 Thy nature and Thy name is LOVE !
7. * The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose with healing in his wings :
 Wither'd my native strength ;—from Thee

* Genesis xxxii. 31.

My soul its life and succour brings.
My help is all laid up above:
Thy nature and Thy name is Love.

8. Contented now, npon my thigh
I halt till life's short journey end:
All helplessness, all weakness, I
On Thee alone for strength depend;
Nor have I power from Thee to move:
Thy nature and Thy name is LOVE.
-

CCLXXII.

FUNERAL HYMN.

(By C. Wesley.) Music, "*Memento Mori*," by Leach.

1. SHRINKING from the cold hand of death,
I too shall gather up my feet:
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath;
And die,—my fathers' God to meet.
2. Number'd among Thy people, I
Expect with joy Thy face to see:—
Because Thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me!
3. O that, without a lingering groan,
I may the welcome word receive:
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live

4. Walk with me through the dreadful shade:
 And, certify'd that Thou art mine,
 My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
 I will into Thy hands resign.
5. No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
 Shall damp whom JESU'S presence
 cheers :
 My light, my life, my God is come;
 And glory in His face appears !

CCLXXIII.

AN EVENING HYMN.

FOR A CHILD.

(Air, as 40th Psalm, Collection of Fifty.)

1. BEFORE I give my eyes to sleep,
 I bow to Thee, my God ! in prayer :
 Thou canst from dangers safely keep :
 Make me the object of Thy care !
2. Unnumber'd ills my life attend ;
 Yet Thou hast kept me hitherto :
 Still do thy helpless child befriend,
 And guide me safe the journey through !
3. If this night's sleep should be my last ;
 Sudden and drear should be my flight ;—
 Bear me aloft to endless rest,
 To regions smiling with delight.
 But

4. But should thy grace prolong my days ;
Should I yet other mornings see ;
Still may my waking thoughts be praise,—
My future life be pass'd with Thee !

CCLXXIV.

FOR EASTER DAY.

(Dr. Hawcis.) Air, from Bethesda Collection.

1. THE happy morn is come !
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb ;
Almighty now to save !
‘ Captivity is captive led,
‘ Since Jesus liveth that was dead.’
2. Who to our charge shall lay
Iniquity or guilt ?
For sin is done away,
Since His rich blood was spilt.
‘ Captivity, &c.
3. Now the ungodly dares
The holy God draw near ;
Justice itself declares
No cause remains for fear.

4. Christ hath the ransom paid ;
His glorious work is done :
On Him our help is laid ;
The victory is won.
5. Then hail triumphant Lord !
The resurrection Thou :
Believing in Thy word
Before Thy throne we bow.
-

CCLXXV.

A HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

(Music, from Bethesda Collection.)

1. TO THEE, my God and Saviour !
My heart exulting sings ;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings !
I'll celebrate Thy glory
With all thy saints above ;
And tell the joyful story
Of Thy redeeming Love.
2. Soon as the morn with roses
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;

My

My voice in supplication

Well pleased Thou shalt hear :

O, grant me Thy salvation,

And to my soul draw near !

3. By Thee through life supported,

I'll pass the dangerous road ;

With heavenly hosts escorted,

Up to their bright abode :

There cast my crown before Thee ;

Then, (all my conflict o'er,)

I'll day and night adore Thee:—

What can an angel more ?

CCLXXVI.

THE HEAVENLY PARADISE.

Words by Dr. Watts. Air, as 21st Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,

Where saints immortal reign :

Infinite day excludes the night,

And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,

And never withering flowers :

Death, like a narrow sea, divides

This heavenly land from ours.

2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand drest in living green :
 So to the Jews once Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.
 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger, shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
3. Could we but make those doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise ;
 And view the Canaan that we love
 With unbecclouded eyes :—
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er ;
 Nor Jordan's streams, nor death's cold
 flood
 Should fright us from the shore.

CCLXXVII.

EARLY PIETY.

(An Anthem, "Canaan.")

1. HAPPY beyond description he,
 Who in the paths of piety
 Loves, from his youth, to run !
 q Her

Her ways are ways of pleasantness ;
And all her paths are joy and peace,
And heaven on earth begun.

2. If this felicity were mine,
I every other would resign
With just and holy scorn ;
Cheerful and blithe my way pursue,
And, with the promised land in view,
Singing, to God return.
-

CCLXXVIII.

**HYMN AT THE RETURN OF
NIGHT.**

(Doddridge.)

INTERVAL of grateful shade,
Welcome to my weary head !
Welcome slumbers to my eyes
Tired with glaring vanities :
My great Master still allows
Needful periods of repose.

By my heavenly Father blest,
Thus I give my powers to rest :
“ Heavenly Father,”—gracious name !—
Night and day Thy love the same !—
Far be each suspicious thought ;
Every anxious care forgot.

THOU my ever bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good ;
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep :
' Blest vicissitude to me !
' Day and night I'm still with THEE !'

CCLXXIX.

SECOND PART.

WHAT though downy slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me ;
Sleepless well I know to rest,
Lodged within my Father's breast !
While the empress of the night
Scatters mild her silver light ;
While the vivid planets stray
Various through their mystic way ;
While the stars, unnumber'd, roll
Round the ever constant pole :
Far above the spangled skies
All my soul to GOD shall rise ;
'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright,

Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love and ceaseless praise :—
Through their throng His gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear :
From on high He doth impart
Secret comfort to my heart.

HE, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers ;
And His Spirit doth infuse
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;
Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love.
' Blest alternative to me,
' Thus to sleep or wake with Thee !'

CCLXXX.

THIRD PART.

WHAT if death my sleep invade ;
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by Thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm !
What if beams of opening day
Shine around my breathless clay ?
Brighter visions from on high
Shall regale my mental eye.

Tender friends awhile may mourn
 Me, from their embraces torn :
 Dearer, better friends I have
 In the realms beyond the grave.
 See, the guardian angels nigh
 Wait to waft my soul on high :
 See the golden gates display'd :
 See the crown to grace my head !
 See a flood of sacred light,
 Which no more shall yield to night !
 Transitory world, farewell !
 Jesus calls with Him to dwell.
 With Thy heavenly presence blest,
 Death is life, and labor rest.
 ' Welcome sleep or death to me,
 ' Still secure, if still with Thee !'

CCLXXXI.

PENITENCE.

(See Psalm xcv. 7 to end.)

Words by C. Wesley. Music, as 123rd Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. STAY, Thou insulted SPIRIT, stay,
 Though I have done thee much despite :
 Nor cast the sinner quite away,
 Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

q 3
Though

2. Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart
And long shook off my guilty fears ;
And vex'd and urged Thee to depart,
For forty long rebellious years :
3. Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who ever grace received ;
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times Thy goodness
grieved.
4. Yet O ! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest :
Nor, in Thy waken'd anger, swear
To exclude me from Thy people's rest.
5. This only woe I deprecate ;
This only plague, I pray, remove :
Nor leave me in my lost estate,
Nor curse me with this want of love !
6. From now my weary soul release ;
Upraise me with Thy generous hand :
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,
And bring me to Thy promised land.

CCLXXXII.

ANOTHER.

Words by C. Wesley. Air, as 88th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. THOU ! MAN of griefs, remember me,
Who never canst Thyself forget ;

- Thy last, mysterious agony :
 Thy fainting pangs; Thy bloody sweat !
2. When, wrestling in the strength of prayer,
 Thy spirit sunk beneath its load ;
 Thy feeble frame abhorr'd to bear
 The wrath of an almighty God !
3. Father ! If I may call Thee so,
 Regard my fearful heart's desire :
 Remove this load of guilt and woe,
 Nor let me in my sins expire !
4. To Thee my last distress I bring :
 The heighten'd fear of death I find :
 The tyrant, brandishing his sting,
 Appears, and hell is close behind !
5. I deprecate that death alone,
 That endless banishment from THEE :
 O save, and give me to Thy Son,
 Who trembled, wept, and bled for me !

CCLXXXIII.

EXPECTATION.

(*Rev. Mr. Shirley.*) *An Anthem. Mel. Sac. Appendix.*

1. THOU Object of our strong desire !
 How long protracted is Thy stay ;
 When

When, bursting forth in vivid fire,
Thy teeming glories thou'lt display !
With various ills encompass'd round,
Maintaining still disputed ground ;
Lo ! Patience waits, a silent maid,
By Hope in azure robe array'd.

2. She waits ;—for sure not distant far
The day that all our misery heals !
Methinks I hear Thy rattling car ;
The thunder of Thy burning wheels :
The trumpet sounds ; the dead arise :
Jesus, triumphant through the skies,
Descends, His kingdom to maintain
And pour the glories of His reign !

CCLXXXIV.

HUMILITY AND CONFIDENCE.

(Music, see 4th No. Mel. Sac.)

1. MY Soul before Thee prostrate lies :
To Thee, her source, my spirit flies :
My wants I mourn, my chains I see ;—
O, let Thy presence set me free !
Jesus ! vouchsafe my heart and will
With Thy meek lowliness to fill :
No more her power let nature boast ;
But in Thy will may mine be lost.

2. And well I know Thy tender love ;
 Thou never canst unfaithful prove :
 And wel! I know Thou stand'st by me,
 Pleased from myself to set me free.
 Already springing hope I feel ;
 God will destroy the power of hell :
 God, from a land of wars and pain
 Leads me, where peace and safety reign.
3. One only care my soul shall know ;
 Father ! all Thy commands to do :
 Ah, deep engrave it on my breast,
 That I in Thee ev'n now am blest !
 So, ev'n in storms my faith shall grow ;
 So shall I Thy hid sweetness know :
 And feel, (what endless age shall prove,)
 That Thou my LORD ! my GOD ! art LOVE.

CCLXXXV.

TRUST IN GOD.

Words by Cowper. Air, as 92nd Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. GOD moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform :
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.
 Deep, in unfathomable mines
 Of never-failing skill,

He

- He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.
2. Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
3. His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste ;
But sweet will be the flower.
Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain :
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain.
-

CCLXXXVI.

NINETY-SECOND PSALM.*(By Watts.—Music, Eshcol.)*

1. SWEET is the work, my God, my King !
To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing:
To shew Thy love by morning light ;
And talk of all Thy truth by night.

2. Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No earthly care shall seize my breast :
Still may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
3. My heart shall triumph in the Lord ;
And bless His works, and bless His word :
Thy works of grace how bright they shine ;
How deep Thy counsels, how divine !
4. When shall we see, and hear, and know
What mortals cannot reach below ?
When may our powers find full employ,
In Thine eternal world of joy ?

. CCLXXXVII.

**TIME AND ETERNITY ;
LIFE AND DEATH.**

(Eccles. ix. 10.) *Air, as 62nd Ps. Mel. Sac.*

1. LIFE is the time to serve the LORD ;
The time to insure the great reward :
And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.
2. Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace :—and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

Life

3. The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie :
Their memory and their sense is gone ;
Alike unknowing, and unknown.
4. Then, what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
5. There are no acts of pardon past
In the cold grave, to which we haste ;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

CCLXXXVIII.

ANOTHER.

Words by Fawcett. Air, as 69th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. WHAT scenes of horror and of dread
Await the sinner's dying bed !
Death's terrors all appear in sight,
Presages of eternal night.
2. His sins in dreadful order rise,
And fill the soul with sad surprise :
Mount-Sinai's thunder stuns his ears,
And not one ray of hope appears.

3. Tormenting pangs distract his breast ;
Where'er he turns, he finds no rest :
Death strikes the blow ! he groans and
cries,
And, in despair and horror, dies.
4. Not so the heir of heavenly bliss ;
His soul is filled with conscious peace :
A steady faith subdues his fear ;
He sees the happy Canaan near.
5. His mind is tranquil and serene ;
No terrors in his looks are seen :
His Saviour's smile dispels the gloom,
And smooths his passage to the tomb.
6. LORD ! make my faith and love sincere ;
My judgment sound, my conscience clear :
And, when the toils of life are past,
May I be found in peace at last.

CCLXXXIX.

ON THE SAME.

(Air, by Lampi.)

1. AND am I born to die ?
To lay this body down !

R

And

And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?

A land of deepest shade
Unpierced by human thought:
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!

2. Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be!
Waked by the trumpet's sound
I from my grave shall rise,
And see the JUDGE with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies!
-

CCXC.

SECOND PART.

3. HOW shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom,
A curse or blessing meet?
Who can resolve the doubt
So painful to my breast;—
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?

4. O THOU that would'st not have
 One wretched sinner die ;
 Who diedst Thyself, the world to save
 From endless misery !
 Shew me the way to shun
 Thy dreadful wrath severe ;
 That, when Thou comest on Thy throne,
 I may with joy appear !
-

CCXCI.

NINETEENTH PSALM.

(By Addison.—*Air ; an arrangement of Haydn's celebrated
 Chorus from " the Creation."*)

1. THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty hand.
2. Soon as the evening-shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,

R 2

And

And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3. What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball :
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found :
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 ' The hand that made us is Divine !'

(*Finale.*) ' *Never unperceived : ever understood !*'

CCXCII.

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

(*Abridged, from Pope.*) *Music, as 24th Ps. Mel. Sac.*

1. THOU Great First Cause ; least understood !

Who all my sense confined,
 To know but this, that Thou art good,
 And that myself am blind :

2. Mean though I am, not wholly so,
 Since quicken'd by Thy breath ;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
 Through this day's life or death !
 3. If I am right, Thy grace impart,
 Still in the right to stay :
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
 To find the better way !
 4. Save me alike from foolish pride,
 Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied,
 Or aught Thy goodness lent.
-

CCXCIII.

SECOND PART.

5. TEACH me to feel another's woe ;
 To hide the fault I see :
Mercy may I to others show ;
 Show mercy, Lord, to me !
6. This day be bread and peace my lot :
 All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest if best bestow'd or not,
 And let Thy will be done !

To

CCXCVI.

MAGDALEN ODE.

An admired Anthem ; from 4th No. Mel. Sac. small.

GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring
While Jehovah's praise we sing :
Holy, holy, holy, Lord !
Be thy glorious name adored.
Men on earth and saints above
Sing the great Redeemer's love :
Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;
Hail, hail, celestial goodness, hail !
Though unworthy, Lord, Thine ear,
Our humble hallelujahs hear ;
Purer praise we hope to bring
When with saints we stand and sing.
Lead us to that blissful state
Where Thou reign'st supremely great ;
Look with pity from Thy throne,
And send Thy Holy Spirit down.
While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in Thy way ;
Till we come to reign with Thee,
And all Thy glorious greatness see.

Then with angels we'll again
 Wake a louder, louder strain :
 There, in joyful songs of praise,
 We'll our grateful voices raise.
 There no tongue shall silent be ;
 There all shall join sweet harmony :
 That through heaven's all spacious round
 Thy praise, O God ! may ever sound.
 " Lord ! Thy mercies never fail ;
 " Hail, hail, celestial Goodness hail !"

 CCXCVII.

ANTHEM FOR GOOD FRIDAY.

By Rev. Mr. Madan. See 4th No. Mcl. Sac. small.

Words by Dr. Watts.

PLUNGED in a gulph of dark despair
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimmering day.
 With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless grief :
 He saw, and (O amazing love !)
 He came to our relief.

R 3

Down

Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste He fled :
Entered the grave in mortal garb
And dwelt among the dead.
O ! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break ;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak !
Angels ! assist our mighty joys ;
Strike all your harps of gold :
But, when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

CCXCVIII.

DEATH OF A BELIEVER.

1. O, THINK that, while you're weeping
here,
His hand a golden harp is stringing ;
And, with a voice serene and clear,
His ransom'd soul, without a tear,
His Saviour's praise is singing !
2. And think that all his pains are fled,
His toils and sorrows closed for ever ;

While He, whose blood for man was shed,
Hath placed upon his servant's head,
A crown that fadeth never !

3. And think how,—in that awful day,
When darkness sun and moon is shading,
—The form that, 'midst its kindred clay,
Your trembling hands prepare to lay,
Shall rise to life unfading !

4. Then weep no more for him, who's gone
Where sin and suffering ne'er shall enter:
But on that great High Priest alone,
Who doth for guilt like ours atone,
Your whole affections centre !

5. So, when around your lowly bier
Sad friends shall yet one day be bending,
Your souls, like his, to Jesus dear,
Shall wing their flight to yonder sphere :
FAITH swiftest pinions lending.

CCXCIX.

THE CROSS.

1. HARK ; the loud cry !—O sun, thy golden locks
Why dipt in blood ? Tell me, ye rending rocks,—
Thou

Thou labouring earth,—why from your
centre quake?

Ye yawning graves, why thus with hor-
ror shake?

“ Behold that cross ! ” affrighted nature
cries :

“ In anguish there the God of nature dies :

“ Then ask no more why the sun hides
his head ;

“ Earth quakes ; rocks rend ; the grave
gives up her dead ! ”

CCC.

SECOND PART.

2. I LOOK'D :—O sight of woe !—the
wounds still bled,

As on His bosom fell His sacred head :

Upon His brow the crown of thorns He bore,
And down His body flow'd the crimson
gore !

His lifeless corpse, low bending forward,
swung,

As on His dislocated arms it hung :

The livid stripes His furrow'd shoulders
show :

Wide gapes the side, the blood and water
flow !

3. Say, heart of stone ! canst thou behold,
 unmoved,
 This scene of sorrow ?—'Twas because He
 loved
 Wretches like thee ;—to save them from
 the grave,
 Sin, death, and hell ; ' Himself He cannot
 save ! '*
 Look to Him, sinners, till the sight imparts
 True godly sorrow to your pierced hearts:
 Then—body, spirit, yield to His controul,
 And let Him ' see the travail of His soul' !

* Matt. xxvii. 42.—Isa. liii. 11.

CCCI.

THE PASSION.

(*Haweis.*) *Air, as 59th Psalm. Mel. Sac. Adagio.*

1. DARK was the night, and cold the ground
 On which the Lord was laid :
 His sweat, like drops of blood, ran down ;
 In agony He pray'd ;
2. " Father ! remove this bitter cup,
 " If such Thy sacred will ;
 " If not, content to drink it up,
 " Thy pleasure I fulfil ! "

Go

3. Go to the garden, sinner ;—see
These precious drops that flow :
The heavy load He bore for thee :
For thee He lies so low !
4. Then learn of Him the cross to bear ;
Thy Father's will obey :
And, when temptations sore draw near,
Awake to watch and pray !

CCCII.**THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.**

(Corrected, from Newton.) Music, "*Adeste fideles*."
4th No. Mel. Sac.

1. **THOUGH** troubles assail, and dangers af-
fright ;
Though friends should all fail, and foes
all unite :
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide ;
The Scripture assures us " the Lord will
provide."
2. The birds without care or forethought are
fed,
Dependent as they, we will trust for our
bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be
denied,
So long as 'tis written, " the Lord will
provide."

Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2. When from the dust of death I rise
To seek my mansion in the skies ;
Even then this shall be all my plea,
' Jesus hath lived, hath died for me !'
3. Bold may I stand in that great day ;
For who ought to my charge shall lay ?
Fully absolved, through THEE, I am
From sin and fear ; from guilt and shame.

CCCIV.

SECOND PART.

4. LORD ! I believe Thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me,—even for my soul was shed.
5. LORD, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean-shore,
THOU hast for all a ransom paid ;
For all a full atonement made.
6. Thus Abraham, the friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies, bought with
blood,

Saviour of sinners! **THEE** proclaim ;
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

7. **JESU!** be endless praise to Thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me,—and all Thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid !

CCCV.

AH! WHEN SHALL I AWAKE.

(See Ephes. v. 14.)

Words by Wesley.—Air, (named “ Watchman ”,) by Leach.

1. **AH!** when shall I awake
From sin’s soft-soothing power ;
This slumber from my bosom shake,
And rise, to fall no more ?
Awake, no more to sleep,
But stand with constant care ;
Looking to God my soul to keep,
And watching unto prayer ?
2. O, could I always pray,
And never, never faint ;
But simply to my God display
My every care and want !
I know that He would give
More than I can request,
Who still is ready to receive
My soul, and give it rest.

Here

3. Here suffer me to lie,
And tell Thee all my care ;
And " Father,—Abba,—Father !" cry,
And pour a ceaseless prayer :
Till Thou my sins subdue,
Till Thou my sins destroy ;
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.
-

CCCVI.

FIFTIETH PSALM.

By Dr. Watts.—Music from Bethesda Collection.

1. THE God of glory sends His summons
forth ;
Calls the south nations, and awakes the
north ;
From east to west the sovereign orders
spread,
Through distant worlds, and regions of
the dead :
The trumpet sounds!—hell trembles ;
heaven rejoices :
Lift up your heads, ye saints, and cheer-
ful voices:
2. No more shall Atheists mock His long
delay
His vengeance sleeps no more:—behold
the day !

Behold, the Judge descends ; His guards
are nigh ;

Tempest and fire attend him down the sky :
When God appears, all nature shall adore
Him ;

Sinners shall tremble ; saints rejoice
before Him.

3. Sinners, awake betimes, and, fools, be wise ;
Awake before that dreadful morning rise :
Change your vile thoughts, your evil
ways amend ;

Invoke your Saviour, seek your heavenly
friend.

The day arrives : approach from every
nation :

When Christ returns, He comes for your
salvation.

CCCVII.

THE DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

(By Young.) *Music, as 35th Ps. Mel. Sac.*

1. FOUNTAIN profuse of every bliss !

Good-will immense prevails :—

Man's line can't fathom its profound ;

An angel's plummet fails !

2. When backward, with attentive mind,

Life's labyrinth I trace,

I find

- I find Him, far myself beyond,
 Propitious to my peace.
3. Through all the crooked paths I trod,
 My folly He pursued :
 My heart astray, to quick return
 Importunately woo'd.
4. Sometimes He led me near to death,
 And, pointing to the grave,
 Bade terror whisper kind advice,
 And taught the tomb to save !
5. O for that summit of my wish,
 While here I draw my breath ;
 That promise of eternal life,—
 A glorious smile in death !
6. O for a clean and ardent heart ;
 O for a soul on fire,
 Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
 Where angels strike the lyre !
-

CCCVIII.

PEACE! BE STILL.

(See Mark, iv. 39 ; Matt. xiv. 28, &c. and Psalm xxiii.)
Words by Wesley.

1. PEACE, doubting heart ! my God's I am ;
 Who form'd me man forbids my fear :
 The Lord hath call'd me by my name ;
 The Lord protects,—for ever near.

- His blood for me did once atone,
And still He loves and guards His own.
2. When, passing through the watery deep,
I ask, in faith, His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head.
Fearless, their violence I dare ;
They cannot harm since God is there !
3. Since Thou hast bid me come to Thee,
(Good as Thou art, and strong to save ;)
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by th' unyielding wave :
Dauntless, though shoals and straits be near
And yawning whirlpools of despair.
4. Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death we tread :
Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide
Pour all its flames around our head ;
Like Horeb's bush, we mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed in fire.

CCCIX.

MIDNIGHT.*By Montgomery.*

1. IN a land of strange delight,
My transported spirit stray'd :
I awake

I awake where all is night,
Silence, solitude, and shade ;
Is the dream of nature flown ?
Is the universe destroy'd ?
Man extinct,—and I alone
Breathing through the formless void ?

2. No,—my soul, in God rejoice !
Through the gloom His light I see,
In the silence hear His Voice,
And His hand is over me.
When I slumber in the tomb,
He will guard my resting-place ;
When I wake to meet my doom,
I will hide in His embrace.

CCCX.

FOR DIVINE ILLUMINATION.

By Dr. S. Johnson. Psalm xxxvi. 9.

1. O THOU, whose power o'er moving
worlds presides ;
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom
guides :
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light
Divine !

2. 'Tis Thine alone to calm the pious breast,
With silent confidence and holy rest:
From Thee, great God! we spring—to
Thee we bend,
PATH, MOTIVE, GUIDE, ORIGINAL, and
END!

CCCXI.

GOD OF MY LIFE.

By Doddridge. Psalm cxlvi. 2. *Music, 137th Ps. M. S.*

1. GOD of my life ! through all it's days
My grateful powers shall sound Thy praise :
The song shall wake by opening light,
And warble to the silent night.
When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, rais'd on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
2. When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
But O ! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to flesh no more,
With

With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies !

3. Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains ;
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing Seraphs round Thy throne.
This cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live :
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity !

CCCXII.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

By Addison. Music as in Magdalen-Asylum Collection.

1. THE LORD my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye :
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
2. When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;
To fertile vales, or dewy meads,
My weary wandering steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3. From Satan's all bewitching guiles,
His fatal power and traitrous smiles ;
From all that hardens or defiles,
Good Lord, deliver me !
4. From worldly men and worldly snares,
From anxious hopes and earth-born cares,
From all that Christian life impairs,
Good Lord, deliver me !
5. From terrors of unconquer'd death,
And the sad boasts it often saith,
When it assaults the failing breath,
Good Lord, deliver me !
6. From hell's inextricable state,
Where dwells unutterable hate
Which endless night cannot abate,
Good Lord, deliver me !
7. From thousand ills that here below,
Flow on and will not cease to flow,
Till Christ in glory I shall know,
Good Lord, deliver me !

CCCXIV.

EARTHLY HOPE.

(Anon.)

1. THE wing of time hath brush'd away
The hopes that once were fair and bright;

Sweet flowers that lasted scarce a day,
Closed e'er the sun had set in night.

2. Hope was the life-breath of my heart,
But ah ! her magic charms are fled :
Take back thy promises,—we part :
Thy rosy wreathes are wither'd,—dead !
3. I thought the rapid hours too few ;
For fancy woke such happy dreams,
As turn'd to rapture all she knew
Of life, with it's uncertain schemes.
4. But O ! my heart,—truth would not seal
The flatteries of life's early day ;
And sanguine hope, and youthful zeal,
And promised joys have flown away.

CCCXV.

SECOND PART.

5. YET, though my earthly hopes are dead,
And storms upon my pathway rise ;
Though peace hath long this bosom fled,
Faith points a way to yonder skies.
6. I hope ;—I fear ;—oh, for a guide !
My faith is weak : the storm is keen :
Be Thou my refuge,—Jesus, hide !
Again I live ;—His light is seen !

7. Sorrow shall cease amongst the blest,
And pain, and sin, and torturing care:
Oh, Saviour, strengthen in my breast
Desires Thyself hast planted there!
8. And, when my soul, with parting sigh,
Shall wing it's way to shores unknown;
Safe shall I be, if Thou art nigh,
If Thou wilt then thy creature own!

CCCXVI.

OMNIPRESENCE.

Guion, translated by Cowper. Music, 29th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. OH Thou by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide;
My Lord, how full of calm content
I pass my years of banishment!
2. All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred love!
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee;
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea,
3. To me remains nor place nor time;
My country is in every clime:
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4. While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
5. Could I be cast where Thou wert not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

CCCXVII.

HUMAN TRANSGRESSION.

Psalm cxix. 136, 158.

Doddridge.

1. **ARISE**, my tenderest thoughts, arise ;
To torrents melt my streaming eyes :
And thou, my heart, with anguish feel
For evils, which thou canst not heal.
2. See human nature sunk in shame ;
See scandals pour'd on Jesu's name ;
The Father wounded through the Son ;
His word abused ; the soul undone.
3. See man's short course of vain delight
Closing in everlasting night ;
In flames that no abatement know,
Though briny tears for ever flow.

4. My God ! I feel the mournful scene ;
My bowels yearn o'er dying men :
And fain my pity would reclaim
And snatch the firebrands from the flame.
 5. But feeble my compassion proves,
And can but weep where most it loves ;
Thine own all-saving arm employ,
And turn these streams of grief to joy !
-

CCCXVIII.

I HAVE SINNED.

(*Abridged, from Montgomery.*) 2 Sam. xii. 13.

1. I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
And perish in the snares of death.
2. Sweet was His service, and His yoke
Was light and easy to be borne ;
Through all the bonds of love I broke,
I cast away His gifts with scorn.
3. I danced in folly's giddy maze,
And drank the sea, and chased the wind
But falsehood lurked in all her ways,
Her laughter left remorse behind.

4. Heart-broken, friendless, poor, cast down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance! from Thy frown;
Eternal Justice! from Thine eye?
5. Lo, through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace:
The sun of righteousness appears
In Jesu's reconciling face!
6. My suffering, slain, and risen Lord,
In sore distress I turn to Thee:
I claim acceptance on Thy word;
My God, my God, forsake not me!
7. Prostrate before Thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair:
None ever perish'd at Thy feet,
And I will lie for ever there.

CCCXIX.

I AM THAT I AM.

(*C. Smart.*) Exodus iii. 14.

- 1 "TELL them I AM," Jehovah said
To Moses, while earth shook with dread:—
And, struck as to the heart,

At

At once, above, beneath, around,
 All nature without voice or sound,
 Replied—"O Lord! "THOU ART."

CCCXX.

**EVENING,
 MORNING, AND NOON,**

"Will I pray, and He shall hear my voice". Ps. lv. 17.

(By Montgomery.) Air, as 29th Ps. Mel. Sac.

1. SAVIOUR! when night involves the skies,
 My soul, adoring, turns to Thee;
 Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
 And wrapt in shades of death for me.
2. On Thee my waking raptures dwell,
 When crimson gleams the east adorn;
 Thee, victor of the grave and hell;
 Thee, source of life's eternal morn.
3. When noon her throne in light arrays,
 To Thee my soul triumphant springs;
 Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
 Thee Lord of lords, and King of kings!
4. O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
 To death and Thee my thoughts I give:
 To death, whose power I soon must feel;
 To THEE with whom I trust to live.

CCCXXI.

**DEATH OF AN AGED
CHRISTIAN***Abridged, from Montgomery.*

1. 'SERVANT of God, well done !
' Rest from thy loved employ :
' The battle fought, the victory won,
' Enter thy Master's joy.—'
The voice at midnight came ;—
He started up to hear :
A mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell,—but felt no fear.
2. Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field,
A warrior, slumbering on his arms
Beneath his burnish'd shield.
Bent still on noble toils,
The world to him was loss ;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils
He hung upon the cross.
3. At midnight came the cry,
" To meet thy God prepare !" .
He woke, and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
 Left its encumbering clay :
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darken'd ruin lay.

4. The pains of death are past !
 Labour and sorrow cease :
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 —Soldier of Christ, well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy !

CCCXXII.

LOVEST THOU ME ?

(Doddridge.) John xxi. 15. *Air, as 35th Ps. M. S.*

1. DO not I love Thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart and see ;
 And send each cursed Idol forth
 That dares to rival Thee.
2. Do not I love Thee from my soul ?
 Then let me nothing love :
 Dead be my heart to every joy
 When JESUS cannot move !

3. Is there a lamb in all Thy flock
 I would disdain to feed?
 Hast Thou a foe before whose face
 I fear Thy cause to plead?
4. Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of Thy name?
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame?
5. Thou knowest I love Thee, blessed Lord!
 But Oh, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to LOVE THEE MORE.

CCCXXIII.

THE EPIPHANY.

(By Heber, Bishop of Calcutta.)

1. BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the
 morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine
 aid:
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
2. Cold on His cradle the night-dews are
 shining;
 Low lies His bed with the beasts of the
 stall:

- Angels, adore Him, in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
3. Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom, and offerings divine ;
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the
 ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the
 mine ?
4. Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would His favor secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
5. Brightest and best, &c. (as v. 1)

 CCCXXIV.

THE SOUL.
(By Montgomery.)

1. WHAT is the thing of greatest price
 The whole creation round ?
 That which was lost in paradise ;
 That which in Christ is found ?
 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath,
 That keeps two worlds at strife :
 Hell moves, beneath, to work its death ;
 Heaven stoops to give it life.

2. **GOD**, to reclaim it, did not spare
 His well beloved **SON** ;
JESUS, to save it, deign'd to bear
 The sins of all, in **One**.
 The Spirit seals the wondrous plan,
 Pledging the blood divine
 To ransom each lost soul of man :
 —That price was paid for **MINE** !
3. And is this treasure borne below
 In earthly vessels frail ?
 Can none its utmost value know
 Till flesh and spirit fail ?—
 Then let us gather round the cross
 This knowledge to obtain,
 Not by **THE SOUL**'s eternal loss
 But everlasting gain !

CCCXXV.

WATCH AND PRAY.*(C. Wesley.)*

1. **A CHARGE** to keep I have ;
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky :
 To serve the present age ;
 My calling to fulfil :—
 O may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will !

2. Arm me with jealous care
As in Thy sight to live ;
And O ! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give :
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely ;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

CCCXXVI.

SECURITY OF THE GOSPEL.

(By Dr. Watts.) Air, 105th Ps. M. S.

1. COULD I but read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'd bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes.
2. Should earth against my soul engage
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Still I could smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world.
3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
Might I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !
4. There should I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

CCCXXVII.

HYMN OF A RELEASED SPIRIT.

(*See, "Hark, the Vesper Hymn," by Moore.*)

1. HARK, what distant sounds are stealing

O'er the waters soft and clear!

"Hallelujah, Amen!"

Nearer yet and nearer pealing,

Now they burst upon the ear.

(*Chorus.*) "Hallelujah; Hallelujah; Amen!"

Wait, my soul! 'Tis God's appearing:

Death is past, and heaven is near.

2. Hush, again! those notes retreating

Die amid the vast profound:

Now ten thousand voices meeting

Swell through Heaven's all spacious round.

Time's last fated hour is fleeting,—

How, my soul, shalt thou be found?

3. Hold! the strain is sudden changing:

Heaven's full choir acclaimeth thus,

(Wide their notes of rapture ranging,—)

"Worthy the Lamb, who died for us"!

(*Full Chorus.*) "Worthy the Lamb;" &c.

The unknown song, no more disclosing,

Dies around th' immortal throne:

Words of peace the anthem closing,

—"Servant of God; well done, well done"!

HYMNS AND
CCCXXVIII.
LITANY.

(Christian Observer.)

1. BY Thy birth and infant years ;
Human griefs and human fears ;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness ;
By Thy victory in the hour
Of the Tempter's awful power ;
JESUS ! look with pitying eye
On our solemn litany.
2. By the sympathy that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept ;
By Thy bitter tears, which flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode ;
By the troubled sigh, that told
Treason lurk'd within thy fold ;
Jesus ! look with pitying eye :
Hear our solemn litany.
3. By Thine hour of dark despair ;
By Thine agony of prayer ;
By the purple robe of scorn ;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn,
Cross and passion ; pangs and cries ;
By Thy perfect sacrifice ;
Jesus ! look with pitying eye
On our solemn litany.

4. By Thy deep expiring groan ;
 By the seal'd sepulchral stone ;
 By Thy triumph o'er the grave ;
 By Thy power from death to save ;
 Mighty God ! ascended Lord,
 To Thy throne in heaven restored !
 Prince and Saviour ! hear the cry
 Of our solemn litany.

CCCXXIX.

HOLY LORD.*(Wesley.) Air, German Hymn, 4th No. M. S.*

1. HOLY LAMB, who Thee receive,
 Who in Thee begin to live ;
 Day and night they cry to Thee,
 ' As Thou art, so let us be !'
2. Sinners, see, the sacred flame,
 Rising from the slaughter'd LAMB,
 Marks the new, the living way,
 Leading to eternal day !
3. Fix, O fix each wavering mind !
 To Thy cross our spirits bind ;
 Earthly passions far remove,
 Swallow up our souls in love !
4. Dust and ashes though we be,
 Full of sin and misery ;

Thine

Thine we are, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of Thy blood !

CCCXXX.

BRETHREN, LET US JOIN.

(Music from the Bethesda Collection.)

1. BRETHREN, let us join to bless
Jesus Christ, our joy and peace !
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
2. Master, see, To Thee we bow,
Thou art Lord and only Thou :
Thou the woman's promised Seed,
Glory of Thy church, and Head !
3. Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King :
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace !
4. Thou hast the glad tidings brought
Of salvation by Thee wrought,—
Wrought for all Thy church : and we
Worship in their company.
5. We, Thy little flock, adore
Thee, the Lord, for evermore :—
Ever with us, show Thy love
Till we join with those above.
“ Hallelujah ! Praise ye the Lord ! ”

CCCXXXI.
SORROW.

(*C. Wesley.*)

1. THOU, wretched man of sorrow,
Whose eyes all day o'erflow,
Indulge thy grief, and borrow
The night for farther woe :
In ceaseless lamentation
Thy solemn moments spend,
And groan thy expectation,
That pain with life shall end.
2. My comforts all are blasted,
My Comforter is gone :
The joy which once I tasted
O that I ne'er had known !
The gourd that soothed my anguish
Is wither'd o'er my head ;
And, faint with grief, I languish
To sink among the dead.
3. In hope of THY salvation,
I feel a moment's rest :
The calm of expectation
Hath stole into my breast :
I weep at rescue near ;
I struggle to be gone ;

• And

And joy is in the tear,
And GOD is in the groan !

4. From all I suffer here,
(If God my sins forgive,)
From all I feel and fear,
I there, redeem'd, shall live :
No serpent to deceive me ;
No sin to stain my thought :
No loss or wrong to grieve me,
Where all things are forgot.
5. No heart-distracting passion
Is there to break my peace ;
But joy without cessation,
And love without excess :
Of Paradise secure,
I shall no longer mourn :
There bliss is full and sure ;
The rose without a thorn.

CCCXXXII.

SECOND PART.

6. GREAT Author of my being,
Who seest mine inward care ;
The ills of Thy decreeing
Enable me to bear :
The justice of Thy sentence
With filial awe to own,

And spend in deep repentance
My last, expiring groan !

7. The spirit of contrition
To me, to me impart :
Thou knowest my soul's ambition,
— ' An humble contrite heart !'
And, O Thou God of power,
When pain, with life, shall end ;
In that decisive hour,
Great God of LOVE, attend !

CCCXXXIII.

MORNING HYMN.

(By Bishop Kenn.) *Air, German Hymn, as in 4th No.*
Mel. Sac.

" When I awake I am still with Thee." Ps. cxxxix. 18.

1. AWAKE my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run :
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
2. Redeem thy mispent moments past,
And live this day as if the last :
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.
3. Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear ;

For God's all-seeing eye surveys,
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

4. Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High praise to the eternal King.
5. I wake, I wake ;—ye heavenly choir,
May your devotion me inspire ;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend !
6. May I, like you, in God delight ;
Have all day long my God in sight ;
Perform like you my Maker's will :
O, may I never more do ill !

CCCXXXIV.

SECOND PART.

Air, as 47th Psalm, Mel. Sac.

7. GLORY to God, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake !
8. Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Scatter my sins as morning-dew ;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill

9. Direct, controul, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
10. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

CCCXXXV.

EVENING HYMN.

(By Bishop Kenn.) Air, as 111th Ps. Selection of 50.

" Let the lifting up of my hands be as the evening
sacrifice." Ps. cxli. 2.

1. GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under Thine own almighty wings !
2. Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
3. Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
With joy behold the judgment day.

O may

4. O may my soul on Thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eye-lids close,
Sleep, that may me more active make
To serve my God when I awake.
5. O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away ;
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire ?
6. O, may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand :
May I in sight of heaven rejoice
Whene'er I hear the bridegroom's voice

CCCXXXVI.

SECOND PART.

7. ALL praise to Thee, in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling place had made ;
A boundless ocean of bright beams,
From Thy all-glorious God-head streams !
8. The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight :
My soul O lighten and inflame
With thoughts and love of Thy great name !
9. Lord ! lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice ;

All loose, all idle thoughts cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.

10. Praise God, from whom &c. (*as before.*)

CCCXXXVII.

MIDNIGHT HYMN.

(*By Bishop Kenn.*) *Air, 29th Ps. Mel. Sac.*

“ I call to remembrance my song in the night,—

“ I commune with mine own heart.” Ps. lxxvii. 6.

1. MY GOD, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take ;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure !
2. Blest angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high ;
You joyful hymn the Ever-Blest
Before the throne, and never rest !
3. I with your choir celestial join
In offering up a hymn divine ;
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night, and world, farewell.
4. My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust :
O make me Thy peculiar care ;
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

Give

5. Give me a place at Thy saints' feet,
Or some fallen angel's vacant seat:
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in higher day.

CCCXXXVIII.

SECOND PART.

6. WHEN in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.
7. May my blest Guardian while I sleep
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
Divine love into me instil;
Stop all the avenues of ill.
8. Celestial joys to me rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long
Sing to my God a grateful song!
9. Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hadst in devotion spent!
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.
10. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, angelic host ;

Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

CCCXXXIX.

ASCRIBE UNTO THE LORD.

Psalm xcvi. Verse 7 to the end.

A Celebrated Anthem, by Travers. (Mel. Sac. 5th No.)

Treble or Tenor Solo.

ASCRIBE unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people ; ascribe unto the Lord worship and power ! ascribe unto the Lord the honor due unto His name ; bring presents and come into His courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness ! let the whole earth stand in awe of Him.

Duet : Tenor and Bass.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is king : and that it is He that hath made the round world so fast that it cannot be moved ; and how that He shall judge the people righteously.

Chorus.

Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.

Bass Solo.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad : let the sea make a noise and all
That

that therein is. Let the field be joyful and all that is in it: then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord.

Quartetto and Chorus.

For He cometh, He cometh to judge the earth; and with righteousness to judge the world, and the people with His truth. Amen.

CCCXL.

THE SANCTUS.

From the Communion Service.

Music, from Mel. Sac. 4th No. (by Bird.)

Chorus.

GLORY be to God on high, and in earth peace, good will towards men.

Duet. Trebles.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee for Thy great glory, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty!

(Chorus) Hallelujah!

FINIS.

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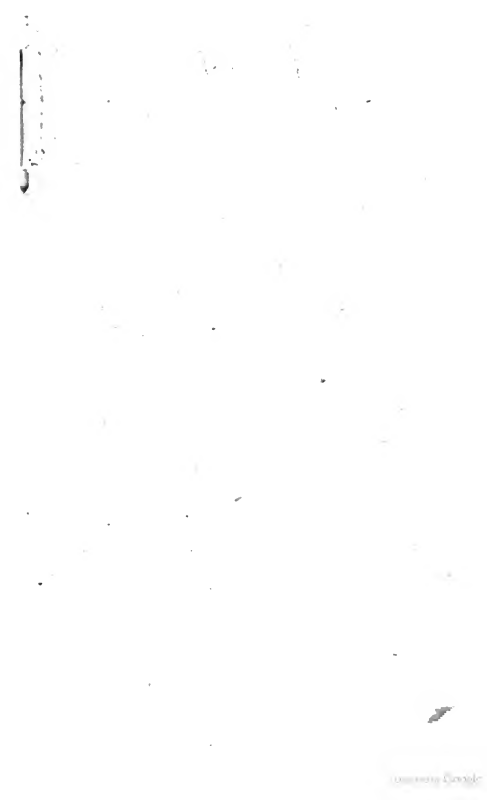
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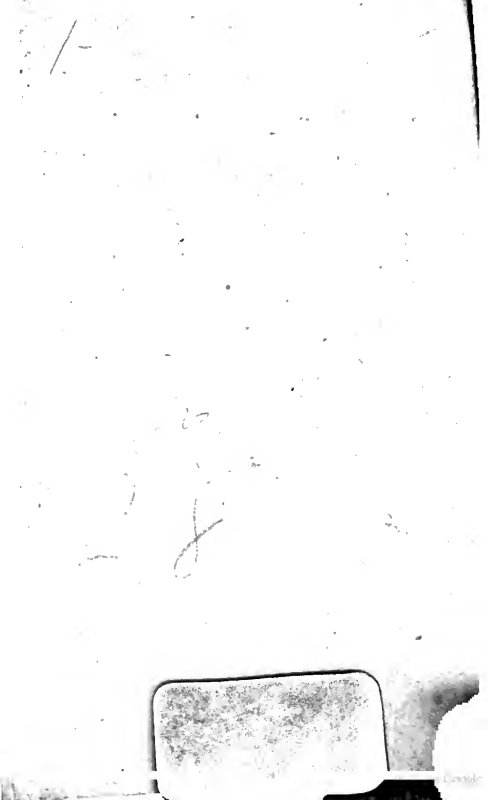
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